

THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES {
VOLUME LVI.

No. 3551 July 27, 1912

{ FROM BEGINNING
VOL. CCLXXIV.

CONTENTS

I. Labor Unrest. <i>By W. H. Mallock.</i>	NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER	195
II. The Badger. <i>By Miss Frances Pitt.</i>	NATIONAL REVIEW	207
III. Fortuna Chance. Chapter XXVIII. R. I. P. <i>By James Prior.</i>		
(To be continued.)		214
IV. Poetry and the Modern Novel. <i>By Compton Mackenzie.</i>	ENGLISH REVIEW	220
V. At the Salon and the Royal Academy. <i>By H. Heathcote Statham.</i>	NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER	228
VI. Sanderson's Venus. <i>By St. John Lucas. (Concluded.)</i>	BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE	238
VII. The Bewilderer.	PUNCH	244
VIII. The Shakespeare Memorial. <i>By G. K. Chesterton.</i>	EYK-WITNESS	245
IX. The American Political Situation:		
The Real Fight in America.	NATION	246
The Presidential Candidates.	ECONOMIST	248
Party Prospects in America.	SATURDAY REVIEW	249
Dr. Woodrow Wilson's Task.	NATION	252
X. Our Lady of Grey Days. <i>By Rosalind Murray.</i>	NATION	194
XI. The Inn of Dreams. <i>By Olive Custance.</i>		194
XII. Sheep. <i>By W. H. Davies.</i>		194
BOOKS AND AUTHORS		254

A PAGE OF VERSE.

X. Our Lady of Grey Days. <i>By Rosalind Murray.</i>	NATION	194
XI. The Inn of Dreams. <i>By Olive Custance.</i>		194
XII. Sheep. <i>By W. H. Davies.</i>		194
BOOKS AND AUTHORS		254



PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY,

6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

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Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

OUR LADY OF GREY DAYS.

On some lonely strand,
Beaten by the tide
Of the mighty sea,
Sometimes wanders she
On the level sand,
Silent, sad-eyed.

Or, by the river side.
Where the shadow stays
In the dripping grass;
No one sees her pass
Silent, sad-eyed,
Our Lady of grey days.

When the cold winds blow,
As in tournament,
Through the autumn trees,
Recking not of these
Often she will go,
Sad-eyed, silent,

Through the tanglement
Of the forest ways
Where the dead leaves fall
In stillness magical,
Sad-eyed, silent,
Our Lady of grey days.

When the Winter sky,
Cold and colorless,
Lowers after rain,
In a country lane
She will pass you by
Clothed in quietness.

Where the people press
In the great highways
Of a city's str.,
I have met with her,
Clothed in quietness,
Our Lady of grey days.

Rosalind Murray.

The Nation.

THE INN OF DREAMS.

Sweet Laughter! Sweet Delight!
My heart is like a lighted Inn that
waits
Your swift approach . . . and at
the open gates
White Beauty stands and listens like
a flower.

She has been dreaming of you in the
night,
O fairy Princes; and her eyes are
bright.
Spur your fleet horses, this is Beauty's
hour!
Even as when a golden flame up-
curled
Quivers and flickers out in a dark
place,
So is it with the flame of Beauty's
face—
That torch! that rose! that wonder of
the world!

And Love shall weep to see—when he
rides by
Years hence (the time shall seem as a
bird's flight)—
A lonely Inn beneath a winter sky.
Come now, sweet friends! before the
summer die.
Sweet Laughter! Sweet Delight!
Olive Custance.

SHEEP.

When I was once in Baltimore,
A man came up to me and cried,
"Come, I have eighteen hundred sheep,
And we will sail on Tuesday's tide.

"If you will sail with me, young man,
I'll pay you fifty shillings down;
These eighteen hundred sheep I take
From Baltimore to Glasgow town."

He paid me fifty shillings down,
I sailed with eighteen hundred
sheep;
We soon had cleared the harbor's
mouth,
We soon were in the salt sea deep.

The first night we were out at sea
Those sheep were quiet in their
mind;
The second night they cried with fear—
They smelt no pastures in the wind.

They sniffed, poor things, for their
green fields,
They cried so loud I could not sleep:
For fifty thousand shillings down
I would not sail again with sheep.
W. H. Davies.

LABOR UNREST.

The recent proposal, which must be taken as seriously meant, that a Royal Commission should be appointed to inquire into the causes of social and industrial "unrest" is one which, if taken in a limited sense, may be useful; but if its sense is extended beyond limits which are very strict and definite, it is more suited to the atmosphere of one of the political burlesques of Aristophanes than to that of serious politics. As I propose to point out briefly in the following pages, the causes of this unrest are not only various in their details but are also various in their character; and certain of them—and these the most important—are such that, if made the subject of official inquiry of any kind at all, are more fit for the investigations of the confessional or the psychological laboratory than for those of a Parliamentary chairman and a committee of officials and politicians.

That such is the case is made sufficiently evident by facts which are familiar to everyone. Those who propose that the causes of social "unrest" should be subjected to an official inquiry are no doubt thinking primarily of the wage-earning classes of this country, the conditions under which they work and live, and their annual incomes as compared with the cost of living and also with the position of those whose earnings or whose means are larger. Here no doubt are questions into which a Parliamentary inquiry is possible; but social "unrest" is a phenomenon which is not by any means confined to those in whose case it can possibly be attributable to the pressure of economic want, or the anxieties incident to the avoidance of it. Under different forms it betrays itself in the lives of those whose means are far in excess of anything that could possibly be the lot of the majority of the human race under any

social system whatsoever. One of its most remarkable manifestations is the frenzy of the hammer-bearing Maenads, who seek to enter paradise by assault, through the splinters of shop-windows. These women and their leaders for the most part belong to the affluent or comparatively affluent classes. Many of them are rich. Many of them, in addition to riches, enjoy all the advantages of position which are generally the sedatives of discontent. And yet the "unrest" of these persons is in its essentials hardly distinguishable from that of the Welsh rioters who, by way of compelling the coalowners to revise their rates of wages, wrecked the premises of the tradesmen who supplied them with their tobacco and their dally bacon. It is evident, therefore, that the social "unrest" of to-day has other causes behind it in addition to those associated with direct economic pressure. Economic pressure, as experienced by the poorer sections of the community, is one of the causes, and will presently be considered here, when it will be shown that its actual operation as a disturbing element differs widely from the popular conception of it; but those causes shall be considered first which are of a more general kind, and we will begin with one which is affecting all classes alike.

The late Mr. Phelps, for many years American Ambassador in this country, when I was once walking with him on a lonely road in the neighborhood of the Highland Railway, said suddenly after a long silence, "The Devil never found a truer note for his voice than the railway whistle. There it goes, from one end of the country to the other, crying to all the boys and girls, 'Come away, come away, come away.' And when they go, they find the place they have gone to better in no way

than the place they have left behind." In these few words we have a profound analysis of a large part of that contemporary unrest which is commonly supposed to be confined to the ranks of Labor. It is not so confined. It affects all classes alike. As we know from Lucretius and from Horace, it was latent in the ancient world, ready to become acute under the stimulation of congenial circumstances. But such circumstances were then those of the fewest of the few only—of the few who possessed, in addition to their Roman palaces villas so numerous that it was a labor to choose between them; and chariots which would whirl the owners from one of these to the other. But even so their unrest, if we may judge from the words of Lucretius, did not carry them outside what, in the language of the modern cabman, was a twelve-mile radius from the Charing Cross of Rome. The railway to-day has a similar and yet more disturbing influence on all classes alike. The humblest laborer can, for a penny or twopence, travel further in twenty minutes than the trampling team of Lucullus would have carried him between dawn and sunset; and he can do so in a vehicle, in comparison with the ease and comfort of which the humblest laborer would denounce the chariot of Lucullus as a "bone-shaker." Every Bank Holiday carries its millions of excursionists to seashores so remote that Horace would have called them "fabulous"; whilst the effects on the rich of these increased facilities for travel have developed so rapidly, even during the last thirty years, that English watering-places which once were the haunts of fashion have witnessed the scattering of their patrons of the older class along the shores of the Mediterranean, the banks of the Nile and Ganges, the southern extremity of Africa, and the islands of the West Indies. Few

things can render this change so vivid as do the parks and pleasure-grounds of such of our old country-houses as still preserve externally what was their aspect in the eighteenth century. The classical or the Chinese pavilions, which are one of their distinctive features—often within a stone's-throw of the house and rarely more than a mile from it—were the goals of excursions which, with the simple feast accompanying them, were the adventures and the excitements of a day. For Miss Austen's heroes and heroines a journey to Box Hill from the adjacent borders of Kent was the exploration of an unknown wonderland, to be anticipated and looked back upon for months.

How constantly is the remark heard from the lips even of seasoned travellers, "I never can see a train without wishing that I was going by it." For the rich this wish is charged with the subconscious feeling that any place would be more pleasurable than that in which they actually are. For the poor it is charged with a feeling of a like kind, that any change in the conditions under which they now work would be a change for conditions unimaginably different and unimaginably better for themselves. In their case this feeling achieves perhaps its most definite expression in the tendency to leave the villages for the towns. So far as our own country is concerned, superficial observers are accustomed to represent this tendency as the result of our insular land-system, of the tyranny of great landlords, or at all events of the fact that the majority of our agricultural population are not themselves the owners of the land they till. In this contention there may, or again there may not be, a certain element of truth. But whatever truth there may be in it, it affords—and this is my sole point here—a very partial explanation of the

phenomenon here in question: for precisely the same tendency is observable in other countries where the peculiarities of our own land-system are most conspicuous by their absence. That the magic of ownership will not anchor the small cultivator to the country is shown in Belgium by the fact that the number of peasant owners of from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 12 acres decreased by 16 per cent. between the years 1880 and 1895. In France, which has been the classic home of peasant ownership for a century, the towns are now growing at the expense of the rural districts. Between the years 1900 and 1910 the working agricultural population had declined by nearly 70,000 persons. The attraction of the towns, even in Australia, is exerting a similar influence. A movement so general evidently cannot be due to economic conditions of any one particular kind. It is rather due to the disturbing effect on the imagination of an enlarged vision of conditions which are continually increasing in variety, any one of which our increased facilities of movement tend to present as possible, and which are bewildering by their competing promises—promises never fulfilled, or fulfilled but to some small degree.

Causes of unrest such as these may be called the automatic education of circumstances. But there is a further cause of a more specific kind, the operation of which is less general but more definitely disturbing in proportion to the limitations of the area of its influence. This is the development of *education in the narrower sense of the word*. Throughout the civilized world for more than two generations, an education in many respects novel has been inflicted on classes a large portion of whom, even fifty years ago, were innocent of the art of reading; and a change has consequently been brought about in the mental conditions of the

majority to which there has been no parallel in the mental conditions of the few. For the few, from time immemorial, there has been a continuous congruity between their education and their general circumstances, which has rendered the one as much a matter of course as the other. They have been educated up to a standard of expectations and appreciations which, from their youth up, have been satisfied in the persons of those around them, and which in the natural course of things would presumably be satisfied in their own. For them education, as such, has never possessed any of the excitements of novelty. It has never disturbed them, as a class, with a sense of new and untried powers. It has come to them merely as the ordinary and indispensable equipment for any kind of life amongst their equals, let the talents and career of the individual prove to be what they may.

But with the masses—and more particularly with that section of the masses which, under any social system, must always be the most numerous—namely, those engaged in the exercise of manual labor—the case has been widely different. The whole idea of education for the people, ever since such an idea began to be practically popularized, has been derived from the kind of education traditional amongst a limited class, and devised with a view to circumstances peculiar to such a class only—circumstances which may, indeed, be rendered impossible for anybody, but can never be common to all, or even the majority of the human race. Whatever may be the merits or demerits of the kind of education in question, it has had for its object and result the equipment of those receiving it for the positions they have been destined to occupy, or for the class of occupations by means of which they have been destined to support themselves. The future diplomat,

for example, has been grounded in the classical, and made proficient in modern languages, with a view to endowing him with those cosmopolitan accomplishments in the absence of which no diplomat can be a successful citizen of the world; but in so far as an education devised after this model is inflicted on that majority of the human race whose livelihood depends on those tasks which are commonly called "labor," education becomes in one respect a radically different thing. Between it and their practical circumstances there is no similar connection. In the case of an Ambassador a knowledge of French has a direct bearing on the performance by him of his distinctive functions. But a similar knowledge would have no similar effect in the case of a coalhewer, a tiller of the soil, or a dairymaid. Of course it may be argued that any kind of general culture, by widening the minds of such persons, increases their capacities of enjoyment; but it would do nothing towards so developing the coalhewer's special efficiency that from earning seven shillings a day he may rise to earning fourteen; nor would it render the dairymaid a better maker of butter, or the husbandman a more productive cultivator. Instead of being aids to work, it would constitute a distraction from it.

The general fact here indicated is, indeed, widely recognized, and especially by many who claim, in the extremest sense, to be the mouthpieces of popular aspiration. Thus the Labor Member, Mr. Lansbury, declared not long ago that much of the modern "unrest" in the labor world is due to the fact that education has made the laborer impatient of such tasks as "the hewing of wood, the drawing of water," and so forth. But what Mr. Lansbury and others omit to notice is this—that education, in the sense of general culture, whilst rendering such

tasks distasteful does nothing to diminish their necessity, or in any way to alter their character, by enabling those who perform them to perform them with greater ease. Without imputing to Mr. Lansbury unduly luxurious tastes, we may assume that when the weather is cold one of his normal requirements is a fire; and that a pork chop, a herring, a slice of cod, form no infrequent articles of his diet. But in order that Mr. Lansbury may be warm whilst he elaborates expositions of Socialism, somebody must be a hewer of wood, or—more literally—of coal; in order that he may eat his chop the hands of some of his comrades must be red with the blood of pigs; and in order that by his morning fire he may have a "bit of fish" for his breakfast, other comrades must toil all night amongst the tempests of the North Sea. Does education, in the sense of general culture, make fire and food less necessary for Mr. Lansbury himself? Or does it in any way modify the circumstances under which they are obtainable for him by the efforts of others? Does it make coal-getting a process as easy as the picking of buttercups? Would it enable the sticker of pigs to substitute for his customary bloodshed some "death by a rose in aromatic pain"? Would any amount of general culture enable the North Sea fisherman to calm the waves at his will, and reduce his calling to a pastime like that of catching carp in a marble basin at Versailles?

So far as labor in general is concerned, the only kind of education which equips the laborer for the performance of it is purely technical, and consists mainly of the performance of such labor itself and the knowledge and dexterities thereby acquired. It often does not even require any mastery of the art of reading. But although education, in the more general sense of the word, results in no such

enlargement of the laborer's productive efficiency, it tends to produce in his mind an illusory consciousness that it does so: that hence he deserves a correspondingly increased reward, and that, failing to get it, he suffers some correspondingly increasing wrong.

In other words, the modern experiment of applying to the masses at large a system of education modelled, so far as its general character goes, on that which had previously been applied to a limited class only, has had on the majority thus far, all over the world, the effect of increasing their expectations without doing anything to increase their industrial power of satisfying them.

This is the point which persons such as Mr. Lansbury and others neglect, and it is the cardinal fact of the situation. It will be referred to again presently.

But a further cause of unrest (or rather an alleged cause) remains to be considered first. According to most agitators it is the principal cause, and consists of the fact that alike in this country, and in all others with a similar industrial system, every increase in national wealth is absorbed by a small minority, and that the income of the rest of the population, relatively to its number, not only does not increase but absolutely grows less and less; so that, to quote the words of a recent Socialist manifesto, "Labor Unrest, instead of originating in official trade-union agitation, is (on the part of the rank and file) in the last analysis an appeal for life." These words are taken from a petition drawn up recently by the Executive Committee of the Church Socialist League, for presentation to the Convocation of the Provinces of Canterbury and York, by the Bishops of Birmingham and Wakefield. This is simply a reproduction by certain clerical and episcopal gentlemen to-day of assertions first popula-

rized in definite form by Karl Marx in the year 1865, and subsequently repudiated, or at least very greatly modified, even by the more thoughtful Socialists in this country, in Germany, and in America. For purposes of popular agitation, as distinct from those of serious discussion, Socialists of all types have nevertheless continued to make use of it. Whilst rejecting it in their formal treatises, they have stimulated their propagandists to make use of it at the street corner; and now a certain section of the Anglican clergy have made a new departure by fishing it out of the gutter for themselves.

In an article on the statistics of Socialism, published recently in this Review,¹ this statement, as set forth in detail by the two most eminent writers whom the Socialistic movement has produced, was submitted to a systematic analysis: each of the separate clauses into which it divides itself was tested by reference to definite official statistics covering a period of more than a hundred years, and every one of these clauses was shown to be not only not correct but a grotesque inversion of the specifically ascertainable truth.

There is, however, an aspect of the question (hitherto altogether neglected) which did not fall within the scope of the article just referred to—an aspect of the highest importance—and with which I shall deal now. A consideration of this will incline us not indeed to modify our views as to the fallacy of the Socialist position, but to recognize that it has some foundation other than ignorance, or the desire to foment class hatred. We shall find that though the actual changes which have taken place in the distribution of wealth are the very reverse of what is asserted by such persons as Karl Marx, Henry George, by the Bishop of

¹ "Socialistic Ideas and Practical Politics," by W. H. Mallock, *The Living Age* June 8, 1912

Birmingham and his flock of Anglican Socialists, they do nevertheless, when regarded from certain points of view, produce an illusory impression that the assertions of the Socialists are correct; just as on a person seated in a stationary train the movement of a train adjacent to him produces the impression that he is himself in motion.

What, then, is the actual something—the actual feature distinctive of the modern world—by which this impression is generated in the minds even of many who, in their cooler moments, repudiate it? The answer is simple, when once we know where to look for it.

When it is asserted that during the last hundred years or so the poor have been growing poorer, it cannot be meant, even by the Bishop of Birmingham, that those belonging to the poorest class of all have year by year been obtaining less and less to live upon—that is to say, that they have been becoming poorer and poorer as individuals; for if this class was on the verge of destitution in the year 1800, it cannot ever since then have been growing more destitute still, for otherwise it would have ceased to exist. The only possible meaning, then, of which the assertion that it has been growing continuously poorer is susceptible, is not that its members are individually getting less and less to live on, but that such persons as belong to it have been growing more and more numerous.

Now if we consider the conditions of this country as they are to-day and as they were at the beginning of the nineteenth century, we may, without committing ourselves to any specific figures, grant that the poorest class has, in point of absolute numbers, very greatly increased. This fact, however, taken by itself no more indicates that the modern industrial system results in an increase of poverty, than an abso-

lute increase in the number of deaths occurring annually within the borders of Great Britain indicates that, owing to the developments of medical science, the population is growing more and more unhealthy. If we wish to know what the development of such science has accomplished, we do not compare the absolute number of annual deaths in a country during one period with the absolute number of annual deaths during another. We take these numbers in each case in relation to the population as a whole.

Let us take, for example, some British Colony on the Gold Coast which fifty years ago comprised a thousand Englishmen, and which to-day comprises forty thousand. Let us further suppose that fifty years ago a hundred out of the thousand colonists annually fell victims to some malarial fever, but that to-day, owing to the development of medical science, the annual death-rate per thousand has sunk from a hundred to twenty. Everyone would admit that the health of such a colony had improved—that the malignity of the local fever had been very largely reduced, and yet the actual number of annual victims would have risen from a hundred at the earlier date to as much as eight hundred at the later.

And the same is the case with poverty. If at a given date out of every 1000 of the inhabitants of a given country 100 were subsisting on incomes not exceeding 30*l.* a year; and if at a subsequent date the number of such persons per 1000 had sunk from 100 to 50, everyone would admit that extreme poverty was declining, and that amongst the population as a whole comparative wealth was on the increase; and yet, if we take these figures as roughly indicative of what has happened in this country between the year 1800 and the present time, the increase of the population, taken as a

whole, has been such that whereas at the beginning of the nineteenth century the poorest class in Great Britain would not have numbered more than 1,000,000, its actual number would be about 2,000,000 to-day.

But however true it may be that, relatively to the population as a whole (and this is the only true test that we can apply in the matter) poverty has been continuously decreasing, it will nevertheless have been increasing relatively to something else—a permanent and unalterable something which is far more obvious to the senses, and has far more effect on the imagination, than the number of the population as a whole—which for many, even of those who are aware of it, is little more than an arithmetical expression. This is the geographical area which the population in question occupies. This means that, even if the number of very poor persons per 1000 in this country to-day be only half of what it was, say, in the year 1800, the average number of such persons per square mile is greater. And, when we consider that the main increase in the population has taken place in urban and semi-urban districts (the extent of which, as compared with the entire country, is small), we may admit that the increase of poverty has been very great indeed per square mile of those districts in which its presence is most noticeable.

The natural effect of this fact on the imagination may, perhaps, be best illustrated by referring again to the case—strictly parallel—of disease and death. Let us imagine, then, an area circumscribed by a circular line having a doctor's house for its centre, and let us suppose that a hundred years ago this area was occupied by a small and ill-drained village, in which few were really healthy and the death-rate was abnormally high, and that this area to-day is covered by a considerable town in which the drainage system is

perfect, the good health of the inhabitants is exceptional, and the percentage of deaths from disease reduced to one-fifth of what it was in the original village. Finally, let us suppose that all these improvements are due to a single doctor, representing the general growth of medical and sanitary science, whose active life has been prolonged for more than a hundred years. If such a doctor, sitting every night at his window, could hear all the sounds of pain and loss in the area of which he was still the centre, though he would know that his whole life had been an increasing triumph over sickness and premature death, and that whereas twenty homes out of every hundred were desolated by such causes in his youth the corresponding number had now been reduced to four, the cries of suffering that would reach him from the modern healthy town would be more numerous, and would assail him in greater volume, than those which reached him in his youth from the old-world pestilential village.

Similarly, if we substitute for such a doctor a social reformer or an observer of social conditions, though poverty in the old-world village might to his knowledge have been almost co-extensive with the inhabitants, and though it might have sunk in the modern town to one-fifteenth of them, yet the poverty-stricken roofs which he could identify from his window through an opera-glass might be ten times as numerous as all the homes in the old-world village put together.

Out of this fact that, though in the only true sense of the words—namely, in relation to the population as a whole—poverty has been continuously decreasing, it has increased relatively to given geographical areas, there arises a kind of optical delusion. All persons are liable to it, and persons of an emotional temperament more especially so. Nor is this unnatural, for, ex-

pressed in another way, the fact out of which it arises is simply this, that an increasing amount of poverty has become, as it were, physically perceptible from any one of those points of local observation which the observer is most apt to select for the purposes of his survey. But to argue, like the Bishop of Birmingham and the other signatories to his manifesto, that poverty has increased as a consequence of the capitalistic system, and "that private ownership of capital should forthwith be made to cease," is like arguing that because medical science, by diminishing the death-rate per 100, has helped to increase the population, it has increased the number of those who each year must die, it has really been a multiplier of disease, and should "forthwith" be abolished.

The illusion, however, of which persons like the Bishop of Birmingham are victims, does not arise only from what has happened in the case of the poor. It depends also on what has happened in the case of the rich. Just as one half of their charge against the present economic system is that, besides being the cause of an increasing volume of poverty it concomitantly results in an increasing concentration of enormous and increasing wealth in the hands of a small minority, so this impression, though it is no less illusory than the other, has its excuse in facts of an analogous kind. As I pointed out in my article in the April number, already referred to, the total income of "the rich" in this country, which is properly comparable with the total income of the rest of the community, forms (contrary to the loose ideas of the Bishop of Birmingham and his friends) not an overwhelming but a surprisingly small part. If we deduct from the national income that portion of it which comes into this country from abroad, and which depends in respect of its origin not on home labor but on for-

eign, and confine ourselves to the total which is produced in the United Kingdom, we shall find that of this total about 87 per cent. consists of incomes not exceeding 800*l.* a year; whilst all the incomes (of home origin) exceeding 5000*l.* a year do not amount in the aggregate to more than 4 per cent. Moreover, the richer classes—those who, according to the Bishop of Birmingham, swallow up "the whole of the vast increase of the national wealth"—will be found, if we examine the income-tax returns since the beginning of the present century, to be the classes which, alike in number and aggregate income, increase most slowly. This is shown partly by the fact that out of the separately assessed incomes during the period in question there has been an increase of 28,000,000*l.* in respect of incomes not exceeding 800*l.*, whilst the aggregate of incomes exceeding that sum has suffered an actual, though a very slight, diminution; and also by the further fact that houses worth more than 80*l.* a year have increased by a few thousands only, whilst houses worth between 20*l.* and 80*l.* have increased by 280,000.

But, in spite of all this, there is another fact which still remains to be considered. This is the average number of houses of various values per mile. The total number per mile, for England and Wales, was 94 in 1891; ten years later it was 107; at the present time the number is approximately 115. Now the increase in the number of houses worth more than 80*l.* a year has been so small that, whilst the average increase of houses of all kinds has been approximately 20 per square mile, there has hardly been so much as an average increase of one in the case of houses of this more expensive class. We may, indeed, for the purpose of the present argument, suppose that the number of these has not increased at all; for even

in that case, though the number of such houses per square mile would have been stationary, there would have been a constant increase in the number of houses of lower values; and each of the occupants of these would have been *so many new spectators* of the few larger houses, and have daily been made aware by their eyesight that the occupants of them were richer than themselves. Thus, though the actual proportion of the relatively rich to the poor and the relatively poor would have been decreasing, the contrast between riches and poverty would have been constantly brought home to a greater number of people. Hence, by a natural and very intelligible process, an illusion would have been created of a kind precisely opposite to that of the facts which created it. The proportion borne by wealth to poverty, though actually growing less and less, would have had the false appearance of increasing, simply because there would have been more witnesses of the difference between the two. If one man eating twice as much as is good for him is watched by a hundred people who cannot secure enough, the volume of envy which he excites is twice as great as that which would be excited if the spectacle were watched by fifty only; but the proportion of food represented by the one big dinner to the aggregate of food represented by fifty small ones, is twice the proportion borne by it to the aggregate of a hundred small ones. If the Bishop of Birmingham has a shilling, whilst eleven other men have sixpence, the Bishop might be regarded as robbing them each of a halfpenny; but if, whilst the Bishop has a shilling, there are twenty-three men with only sixpence, the number of contrasts between him and the rest is doubled, though the maximum of which he could be regarded as robbing each of them would be in this case no more than a farthing.

Hence we see that, though contrary to the cant assertion of the Socialist that the masses of the population are constantly becoming poorer, that their unrest is by this time a simple "appeal for life" (whilst the relative riches of the rich are as constantly becoming greater), the income of the poor is really the relatively increasing quantity, and that of the rich is a *relatively*, though not an *absolutely*, decreasing one—we see, I say, that, though in point of fact the Socialists are diametrically wrong, there is much in the aspect of things which suggests to the imagination—much, indeed, which almost convinces the senses—that they are right. Thus a kind of unrest is produced similar in kind to that which would result on board a ship, sound in every particular, if the passengers were persuaded by some mischief-maker with a smattering of nautical terms that every time she plunged into a hollow of the waves she was sinking.

Modern unrest has, therefore, three causes which, though totally distinct from that which Socialists are accustomed to assign to it, are actual and not fancied causes, and which are, in respect of their magnitude, peculiar to the modern world.

Let us briefly go over them again, and ask what are the results to which they point in the future and in what directions we may reasonably look for a remedy.

Let us start with reconsidering the last of them—namely, that which is purely economic and relates to the physical conditions of the poorer sections of the community—especially those who live by manual labor. That there exists in this country, despite the general spread of well-being, a population precariously nourished and inadequately housed, which, small as it may be in proportion to the present population as a whole, yet equals in number

the entire population of England at the time of the Norman Conquest, may unhappily be accepted as true; and that such poverty, if it can never be entirely removed, may yet be reduced to relatively negligible dimensions, must be one of the chief hopes and objects of every sagacious statesman. It is, however, very doubtful whether the utmost progress possible in this direction would even modify the sort of labor unrest which is characteristic of the present time.

The grounds on which this assertion is made are not far to seek. One is the well-known fact which is exemplified by all classes alike—namely, that after the fundamental needs of the human body are satisfied and have been supplemented by the provision of such secondary requisites as are practically made necessities by the habits of whatever class may be in question, each further addition of wealth, as soon as the recipients are habituated to it, ceases to be felt as any addition at all. Those who were contented before are not thankful now. Those who were discontented before are just as discontented still. What makes discontent—apart from actual privation or the anxiety which comes from the fear of it—is not what people have got, but a comparison of what they have got with that which they have been stimulated into thinking that they can get and ought to get.

The truth of these observations is illustrated in the most vivid way by the events of the present day. There is, no doubt, an unrest which, in the language of the Bishop of Birmingham, is really "an appeal for life," but that such is not the kind of unrest which is typically prominent to-day is shown by the fact that the most determined, the most bitter, and the most highly organized of recent strikes is that which has occurred amongst workers who belong to the best-paid, not the worst-

paid, section of their class. One of the best-educated of the Parliamentary leaders of the Labor Party boasted, some years ago, in an article in this Review, that the main supporters of his party were not the population of the slums, but the better-paid and more skilful of the artisans. The coal-miners, who must be included under this general description, earn incomes which vary considerably according to the capacities of the individual; but however moderate may be the individual earnings of some of them, the most prominent leaders, and the most obstinate supporters of the recent coal-strike, comprised men who, together with their families, enjoyed household incomes far larger than those of many of the Bishop of Birmingham's own clergy. Amongst the most ardent of the recent strikers in the West of Scotland were two Poles (brothers), who admitted that their joint annual earnings were certainly not less than 400*l*. In one of the South Wales collieries, out of twenty men, taken in the order of their places, it was ascertained that all but three were earning more than 100*l*. a year, and that more than half were earning from 120*l* to 220*l*. Would the Bishop contend that amongst such men as these "labor unrest" was "in its last analysis an appeal for life"? But we need not confine ourselves to comparing the earnings of such men with those of the clergy. Let us compare them with the maximum which could possibly be earned by anybody if the entire income of the nation were divided equally amongst all. Sanguine statisticians, whose estimate we need not dispute here, say that if all the wealth of the country were thus equally divided, there would be an income of 200*l*. a year for each family of five persons, of whom, on an average, two and a half would be earners. With regard, then, to the majority of those lately on strike, it is

evident that their household incomes (even if we take the earners per family to be not more than two) were, at the time of the strike, from 20 to 100 per cent. more than could possibly fall to their share were the lot of all households equal. If the action of such men in striking was simply "an appeal for life"—if it means that they cannot live in any true sense of the word unless their present earnings are increased—it is impossible for the nation as a whole so to live at all; for not all that can be produced by all the muscle and all the brains of the population can produce enough to provide each individual household with what the Bishop would apparently regard as the minimum of proper human subsistence. We need merely go back to the beginning of the reign of Queen Victoria, and the moral of the case will become more apparent still. If the maximum average income theoretically possible for each family to-day would be insufficient in the case of any family to satisfy "the appeal for life" (and this must be so if colliers earning more than that maximum are "appealing for life" still), what must have been the position of the population only two generations ago? All the productive forces existing in this country would not have sufficed, under any conceivable scheme of distribution, to have lifted it halfway towards the level at which the kind of life begins which alone, according to the Bishop, is fit for a human being. Whatever hardship may have been caused during quite recent years by a rise in the cost of certain articles of general consumption, real wages to-day are at least 75 per cent. greater than they were at the time of the opening of the first Great Exhibition, yet "labor unrest," according to the Bishop's own admission, is to-day more acute than it was then. The gains of the masses during the intervening sixty years have been greater than any

that can be looked for at the present moment, even if in businesses such as mining the entire value of the products were divided amongst the manual workers. What reason, then, is there for expecting that the kind of unrest which a gain of 75 per cent. has merely had the effect of developing, would be checked or converted into contentment by a gain of 10 per cent., or even of 15 or 20 per cent.?

As soon as the primary needs of life are satisfied, together with the secondary needs which habit and custom have rendered primary, what causes unrest, in respect of economic conditions, is not (let me repeat) the limitations of what men have, but the relation of these to the amount of what they imagine that they ought to have, and may practically secure.

And here we are brought back again to the question of education. Labor unrest, in its distinctively contemporary sense, having its origin mainly in the ranks of the most prosperous, not of the poorest workers, has its origin not in the wants of the body but in exaggerated expectations of the mind—in the development of ideals which, whatever may be their character otherwise, have no correct relation to the facts and possibilities of life. They are due, on the one hand, to purely illusory conceptions of the amount of wealth produced or producible in any given country; and on the other—and this is the more important cause of the two—to wholly illusory conceptions of the part played by the labor of the average man in the productive process of to-day. An interesting illustration of this latter fact occurs in an article lately published in the *Morning Post* on the Labor College at Earl's Court. This article contains a quotation from a statement made by one of the students, who was apparently there equipping himself for the business of an active agitator. The employing

classes, he said, whatever may be their brains and abilities, "can do nothing for us which we cannot do for ourselves," meaning by "ourselves" the mass of average workers whose livelihood at present comes to them in the form of wages. This idea is the natural result of general education on a class to which it is still novel. It is a kind of idea like that produced in a boy who, placed for the first time on the back of an ambling donkey, at once imagines that he could sit a galloping racehorse.

Of all writers from whom one might think he would be unlikely to derive any light on social and educational problems, amongst the least likely is perhaps the poet Keats. And yet in his preface to one of the later editions of *Endymion* he makes the following observations, which are most pertinent to the present matter:

"The imagination of a boy," he says, "is healthy, and the mature imagination of a man is healthy; but there is a space of life between, in which the soul is in a ferment, the character undecided, the way of life uncertain, and the ambitions thick-sighted. Thence proceed melancholia, and all the thousand bitters."

Such is very much the condition of those sections of the wage-earning population amongst which, in its acuter forms, the "unrest" of to-day is most noticeable. The question, then, arises—what kind of cure for this malady may be looked for in the future? That an actual augmentation of wages may form a part of our future history, just as it has formed a feature of our past for a period of more than a century, and that ameliorations in conditions of housing may take place likewise, the importance of which would be even greater, are results to which we may look forward with confidence if the vitality and efficiency of our present system is maintained. But,

as I have said before, and as I remark once again, such improvements, in themselves, would do nothing to allay the spirit of contemporary unrest: nor would they even tend to do so. The real remedy is to be looked for partly in some modifications of our present educational methods; but still more in the fact that the multitude, in proportion as they become accustomed to education and fail to derive from it any of the thrills of novelty, will discover how little it can do to alter their relations to the permanent facts of life. Their present illusions as to its enlargement of their own powers, and as to the claims and expectations which have these illusions as their basis, will disappear gradually like a dream; and measuring possibilities by more modest but more real standards, the progress which is actually open to them will be regarded by them in its true light—that is to say, as a series of substantial conquests, instead of as conquests so small as to resemble exasperating defeats in an attempt to realize conditions which are beyond the limits of possibility. The object of education, as understood by the Bishop of Birmingham, appears to be the enlargement of the claims and expectations of all to the utmost extent possible. May I venture to call his attention to the words of another prelate whom, in this respect, at all events, I should regard as the wiser man. "The first object of education," said the late Bishop Creighton, of London, "is to teach each of us the knowledge of his own limitations."

A few final words still remain to be said as to that cause of contemporary unrest to which, in these few pages, I called attention first. I refer to the unrest which has for its chief cause the modern facilities for travel. With regard to unrest of this kind, which is common to all classes alike, I would observe that the richer classes, and

not the poorer only, are here still undergoing an experience strictly analogous to that which the poorer are undergoing as a consequence of popular education. They are still perturbed by the novelty of the experiences open to them; and I would add that in time such novelty will wear itself out; that

The Nineteenth Century and After.

much which is now distracting will become unexciting and commonplace; and that the present restlessness may not indeed turn into apathy, but subside into a healthy activity from which the symptoms of fever may have disappeared.

W. H. Mallock.

THE BADGER.

Most wild creatures can be classed as belonging to either the night world or the day world, for those which hunt by the light of the sun rarely use that of the moon, and this has been so ever since man came to trouble the world, and probably through long ages before his advent. When the dusk comes stealing over hills and valleys, meadows and woods, most domesticated and many wild creatures go off to their sleeping-places, and are not seen again until the dawn of the next day; but then come forth the shy things of the dark, hunting and being hunted like those of the light: the bats take the place of the swallows and martins as fly-catchers, the various owls that of the hawks, while the fox is the terror of rabbits and even small mice. But the most shy, though the most respected by the other animals, is the badger.

The badger is indeed a creature of the night, and few people ever see one in a wild state, for it never ventures to leave its home far under the ground, until the dark has really come, and is home again before there is the faintest flush of dawn in the eastern sky. This extreme shyness has earned it a reputation for rarity which certainly exceeds the facts of the case. It is still not at all uncommon in some districts, though there can be no doubt that its numbers bear no comparison with what must have existed in ages

gone by; but that it is still with us is something for every lover of wild animals to thank providence for, when he reflects on the fate which has or is about to overtake so many of our rarer birds and beasts, but it need not prevent anybody taking active steps to preserve the badger should they have the opportunity.

Being so seldom seen, a certain amount of mystery and romance is associated with the badger. Powerful enough in reality, its great strength and fierceness are magnified twenty-fold in the tales told among the country folk, until its name is as fearsome as that of the ogre in a fairy tale, and the average laborer would far sooner touch a lion than have anything to do with a captive badger. On one occasion I had a large boar that I wished to move from the building in which he was kept to fresh quarters, and as nobody would touch him I knew I should have to do everything myself, so, having first bespoken a man to hold a bag, I went to the place, opened the door, and saw that my badger was curled up in the corner, having made himself a comfortable nest of straw. I told my bag-holder to have it open ready to drop the badger into, and, when I had gone in, to close the door behind me, and open it again when I called "ready!" The light was not good when the door was closed, but I had not much difficulty in seeing the

animal, who was apparently asleep in his corner, so, to make him uncurl, I gave him a poke in the ribs with the toe of my boot, at which, with a startled snort, he sat up, gazed at me out of his little piggy dark eyes, and then buried his head between his paws as if too shy to look up. I believe this attitude is really a method of defending the only weak spot, namely the chest; but at any rate it gave me my opportunity, and bending down I had his short slippery white tail in my hands and swung him off his feet before he knew what had happened.

"Open the door, quick! quick!" I gasped, for a full-grown badger that is wriggling and kicking like an eel is no light weight, but I knew that as long as I held him clear away from me, and off the ground, he was helpless, for no badger can turn round, as a cat would do for instance, and bite you when you have him by the tail.

The door was half opened, and there stood the man with the bag.

"Open it wide!" I cried, "and get the sack ready as fast as you can!"

With unsteady hands my helper spread out the mouth of the bag, and exerting all my strength I raised the great animal in the air so as to be able to drop him into it, but just as I lowered him, intending to let him slide down, the idiot of a man who held the sack let it drop—he was afraid lest the badger should bite his fingers!

"Pick it up, pick it up! Or I shall drop the animal," said I, and it seemed ages before he had the bag in position again, for my arms were aching with the strain of holding the heavy creature up in the air, and I thought each instant his tail would slip through my fingers. Oh! how thankful I was when at last he was safely consigned to the bag, and I was able to express my opinion freely to the man who had dropped a bag at such a critical moment!

Eventually I gave this badger his

liberty, and imagined when I saw him disappear into the wood that I had seen the last of him, but in this was mistaken, for some six months later I began to hear strange tales of the way some animal, species unknown, was digging up the newly planted bulbs in a neighbor's garden. It appeared that the gardener had been planting a quantity of crocuses and so on in the grass, using for the purpose a special instrument, which removed a little piece of sod that could afterwards be dropped back, like a cork into the neck of a bottle; but each night the mysterious animal came, extracted these corks, and ate the bulbs. The tracks left by this creature were examined by the local rabbit-catcher, who pronounced the culprit to be a badger, and further traced it to a drain in a meadow close at hand. The keeper was now called in and with his help the big drain was dug up, and after some trouble the bulb-eater was secured and placed in a bag, and the keeper brought it to me, for he knew that I was always ready to give a home to all sorts and conditions of animals. When the badger was turned out of the bag into the quarters I provided for it I was surprised to see that it was a little lame, for I had been given to understand it was not hurt in any way: it limped in exactly the same manner as the one that I had turned out and who had been caught in a trap when a cub. But even then it never occurred to me that it was the old one returned, and it was not until the next day I realized this was so. The man who generally helped me with my pets—the one who had dropped the bag—suggested it was the same animal. At first I could not believe it, but soon saw that it really was so. Now, the joke against me is that a bill will be sent in for bulbs destroyed by my tame badger.

I have kept many other badgers in captivity, but two that I got when

small cubs were quite the most charming. They came into my hands through a rabbit-catcher who set traps outside the earth, but luckily neither were seriously hurt, and their paws, though at first rather cut and bruised, soon healed and they were as sound as ever. As I have said, they were quite young when brought to me, not at the most more than two months old and just able to feed themselves. For the first night or two they would not eat anything, and went into paroxysms of fear whenever I approached, but hunger overcame their first scruples, and patience on my part the second ones. One cub very quickly became quite tame, and instead of running away began to follow me about, for she had found out that I represented food and protection, but the other, who had been named Jemima Muggins—the first was called Diana Muggins—though she gradually improved in her behavior, was never as tame or confiding as her sister, and I had always to be careful when handling her, as a nip, let alone a bite, is not to be despised from even a half-grown badger. Both cubs soon developed good appetites, and would eat almost anything: they thrive well on dog-biscuit soaked in milk, bread and milk, rabbit flesh, &c. Rabbit was the only item from the diet of their wild relatives that I was able to offer them, but as a matter of fact the badger in a natural state cannot get full-grown rabbits very often, as it has to depend on the leavings of other animals, such as the stoat and the fox, being too slow in its movements to catch them for itself, though fond enough of them when it can get one to eat. It is easy to know whether a rabbit has been eaten by a badger or some other creature, for the former, beginning at the tail end, leaves nothing but a bone or two, and the skin turned completely inside out like a glove; while a poaching cat eats the part behind the ears

and shoulders, and the fox seldom makes clean work of it. Young rabbits are what the badger really likes best, and there can be no doubt that it does destroy a good number, for being an industrious, keen-nosed beast, it hunts the fields, woods, and hedgerows most diligently, and woe to the mother rabbit who has covered up her babies in a snug bed of dry grass and fur pulled from her own body and left them underground, having first scratched earth over the entrance so as to make believe that there is no hole at all, for it will not deceive the keen-scented badger, who can tell even through the freshly turned earth what is below. It will scratch open the entrance to make sure of the direction of the hole and, when quite certain which way it goes, sinks a shaft from above straight down to the nursery, after which a very few seconds will see the end of the promising rabbit family, and all the mother will find on her return is an empty bed exposed to the world.

The greatest treat a badger can meet with is a bumble bee's nest, for it loves the honey, and its thick coat and hard skin seem impervious to their stings. On one occasion I found the spot where a badger had enjoyed such a feast: the nest had been among the dry, brown, fallen leaves that had lain since the previous autumn, under the trees of a wood; it had been made of shredded leaves and moss, but all that was left were one or two cells, and the little black and yellow angry, buzzing owners, who were crawling over the ruins and flying backwards and forwards in great distress. I passed the spot nearly every day for a week, and noted how the industrious little bees covered over the few cells and tried to start the colony again, but about the seventh day, or rather night, the badger came again and finished off the remainder.

If the badger deserved protection on

no other score, the number of wasp-nests it destroys should give it the right to live unmolested, for not only does it scratch open the hole, but it eats up every fragment of comb and cells, so that, though a few adult insects may be left, the first heavy storm of rain decides their fate. It makes one realize how very "thick in the hide" this animal is, when it attacks single-handed strong colonies of wasps, numbering perhaps many thousands, which have not been previously soothed by smoke or anything of the sort, as is the case with the human wasp destroyer, who take hastily to his heels if only one or two insects come out and buzz round. The badger faces a fully active and wideawake nest, and never leaves it until there is not an atom of comb left.

The "brock," to call it by its ancient name, is fond of many small creatures, but I do not think it will touch slugs, though worms, caterpillars, frogs, young birds belonging to any of the species that nest upon the ground, dead fish, and carrion of all sorts, are eaten with gusto. I tried many experiments with my tame badgers, to ascertain what they would and would not eat, but found few things which they really objected to. When taking Diana out for exercise—as a young animal she would follow me anywhere without a lead—I found her greatest excitement was a frog hunt, so I often took her to a piece of boggy ground where they were plentiful, and then the fun commenced! At least, I do not suppose the frogs thought much of it, but there was no doubt about the badger's enjoyment. Diana would trot about among the rough grass and watery holes, poking her nose under the tussocks, until at length she started a frog. Instantly her tail bristled and she was all excitement, pouncing on the spot where she saw her quarry last, and giving the creature an exceedingly unpleasant

time. Occasionally it escaped, but more often was crunched up in her strong jaws, after which the fun began again, and was only ended by the frog-supply running short or else Diana growing tired.

Several times I have noticed my two cubs eating a certain grayish light-brown "toadstool," but what species of fungi it was I cannot say, though no doubt the taste for it is shared by wild badgers as well as tame ones and helps to vary their diet when other food is scarce. But the badger, as I said before, is not a particular creature, and all comes alike to it, from a nest of young field-voles among the grass stems, and young rabbits hidden underground, to small things that need to be rooted for after the manner of a pig. Indeed, this animal is very pig-like in many of its ways, and in others makes one think of the bear family, while again it hibernates during the coldest part of the winter, curled up in its snug bed in just the same way as the hedgehog; but its nearest relatives are the stoat, weasel, and otter, though outwardly it bears them not the faintest resemblance. It is very difficult to realize, when one looks at a badger, that this big heavy animal, some three feet long, on short legs with thick-set, not to say clumsy body, short tail, hunched back, and long head carried low to the ground, tiny eyes and little ears, is more nearly allied to the slender and quick-moving stoats than any other tribe of animals. There is no resemblance even in color, the gray rough body fur, striped head, and black underparts of the first named, having not the slightest likeness to the beautiful browns of the last mentioned creature; but then color as a specific characteristic is more liable to variation than any other, and, as we all know, it is the stoat which, influenced by the cold winters of some regions, becomes the much prized er-

mine—selection through countless generations having no doubt determined the point that a white stoat hunting amid white surroundings, which it would thereby resemble, has a certain advantage over one which has not undergone this seasonable change, though whether the advantage is in not being so easily seen by some enemy or in being able to more easily approach its prey, I cannot say. But it is difficult to understand at first glance what reason, if any, there can be for the conspicuous markings of the common badger. The black and white and gray is as noticeable as an advertisement on a hoarding, or the self-advertising colors of a wasp that wishes to let all the world know it can sting. Many creatures, especially belonging to the great class *insecta*, carry these warning colors, thereby letting their enemies know who they are, and that it will be better to let them pass in peace; among the higher animals the skunk is a very conspicuous example, for it advertises "let me alone" as plainly as possible. The badger, however, has practically no enemy but man, though of course the color of its coat may have been determined in the days when there were many larger and stronger animals in Great Britain; still this does not seem to apply much, for its rate of increase—there are usually from two to four cubs in a litter—being small, indicates that apart from deaths due to its human enemy most of the progeny would reach maturity. Creatures with large death-rolls among the immature either cease to exist, or meet the needs of the case by increased production—as, for instance, the oyster, in which two or three million eggs are laid to produce another couple of oysters. So it looks after all as if the black, white, and gray of the badger is not merely a warning to others that the owner has a powerful pair of jaws, that it does not wish to use but can if

obliged to, but serves some other purpose, and I believe this is resemblance to its surroundings. At first this seems impossible; it seems as if it must show up "like a bar of soap in a coal-scuttle," but it should be remembered that this animal is strictly nocturnal, and in a state of nature never ventures out during the daytime, and that tints conspicuous enough in the sunlight merge sufficiently into their surroundings when dimly lighted to make the wearer practically invisible. I noticed this particularly when I took my tame badger out one evening and lost sight of her for a minute. I could not see her anywhere, and was just wondering what had become of her when she moved, and I saw that she had been standing among some fern and brambles quite close to me all the time, but that in the twilight her markings so exactly resembled the shadows and blotches of the bushes that I had not been able to see her. That I should have seen an evenly colored creature much more easily in that light I have not the least doubt. I cannot help thinking this fact is of some assistance to them in the great competition for life. Variations of color do sometimes occur, and I have myself seen a beautiful yellowish brown badger, but as she had pink eyes her abnormal coloring was due to albinism. Shortly after she was captured two cubs were born, but they were of the normal gray type and showed no resemblance to their mother. One occasionally hears of white ones being killed or captured, but I cannot recollect the occurrence of any other varieties.

It might well be asked how, as one so seldom sees them, is it to be known for certain whether there are badgers in a neighborhood or not? The problem is easily solved by the examination of any damp, muddy spot in one of the woodland paths, for if a badger has passed within the last day or two the

heavy footprints cannot be mistaken for those of any other animal. The hind pad is so much larger than that of the dog that the two tracks cannot be confused, while the arrangement of the toes is also different, and the claws cut more deeply into the soft earth; neither is the badger's track likely to be confused with that of the fox, for the latter has a very small, neat, narrow foot, and when its track is examined it will be seen that the hind pad fits exactly on to the impression left by the fore, so that the trail appears as if made by a two-legged creature. Nearly all animals that hunt their prey by stealth, and to whom silence during their stalk is an important factor, tread in this way, for having observed a spot where there is nothing to rustle or make a noise, they put down the forefoot and on moving on again the hind falls on the same spot, and therefore makes no sound. The common domestic cat has this gait developed to perfection, and is as faultless a huntress as any wild animal. However, the track of a badger does not show this extreme care, any more than that of the dog, for neither need to walk with absolute silence. A very good place to search for the tracks of wild creatures is by the side of a stream, for badgers, if about, are sure to have a regular crossing-place where it is shallow and easily forded, and here the observer will be able to learn a good deal, gathering from the number and size of the footprints whether they are old or young ones, or even if extra plain impressions the sexes of the passers by, for an old boar leaves such an enormous footprint that it cannot be mistaken. There will be found also the tracks of a poaching cat, or may be of a fox, but, to me at any rate, not holding half the interest that the broader impression of the badger does. If the tracks are very numerous, and even form well-used paths through the

bushes and undergrowth, as if the owners trod them many times a night, it is safe to assume the earth or "set" to be near by. The size of the underground homes excavated by these animals is often astonishing, though perhaps there will not be much indication of it on the outside, unless large heaps of soil in front of the holes be taken as such.

In the summer time, when the inhabitants are very active, the entrances will be padded down with the constant use, or else littered with fern and grass and leaves dropped by one of them when backing in with forepaws full of bedding, for they are most particular over their couches, which they constantly renew and renovate, gathering the material from the bushes near at hand, and then taking it backwards down the hole. At first it seems incredible that any creature should go backwards from choice, but a badger can move either way with ease, and when it suits its purpose can back at a great pace. In the winter all this evidence of activity disappears, for as soon as they find any difficulty in obtaining food they sleep for a period, but this hibernation seems to be entirely subject to the absence or presence of food, for badgers in captivity, having plenty of food every day, show no desire to lie up, and are as lively in the cold of midwinter as the heat of summer. One badger I had went to sleep for two weeks on one occasion, but from "the sulks" more than anything else. I moved him from one building, in which he had lived since a cub and regarded as home, to another, but he was so much upset that having made himself a nest of straw he curled up in it and ate nothing. I disturbed him two or three times, and had not much difficulty in rousing him, for he was not in that cold, unconscious state that the dormouse, for instance, goes into when it hibernates. He ate nothing

for two weeks, when he roused himself and made up for lost time by being more greedy than ever. The wild ones lay up stores of fat during the autumn, when food is plentiful, but by the spring are thin again, having lived on it during their rest.

To go back to the earths, holes tenanted by badgers are sometimes shared with the fox, who takes up its abode as in some chamber as distinct as possible from that of the rightful owners, where as long as it does not trouble them the badgers suffer it to remain. But whereas they are cleanly creatures, and have periodical cleanings of their dwelling, the fox is somewhat a dirty beast and far from particular. Its presence sometimes leads to unpleasantness other than of a domestic nature, as, for instance, when expecting hounds next day the keeper comes round in the night and stops all earths. If he has done it properly with sticks as well as soil the badgers are effectually kept out, but should the work be but carelessly done with a few spadefuls of soil, their strong black claws soon open the holes again, which earns them a bad name in hunting districts for spoiling sport, when really the blame should be laid on the earth-stopper.

Once this happened in the case of a huge "set" that had probably been used by badgers for hundreds of years, but being situated on the edge of a steep bank the soil excavated by the inhabitants rolled down into the dingle, and there was no outward sign of its size. The hounds one day getting on the line of a fox who had often lain in this earth, had not hunted their quarry far before he took refuge underground. The Master thought it would be desirable to get him out, and plenty of willing workers turning up, commissioned a number of them to see what

The National Review.

they could do, but though they put the hunt terriers in to discover the direction of the fox, and dug all day to reach the spot where the dog was barking, they had done no good when long after dark they got the terrier out again. To cut a long story short, they dug for three days, cut away a large piece of ground, exposed tunnels upon tunnels running in all directions through a layer of sand, which rested on sandstone and was kept dry by a stratum of clay overlying it; they found the bracken, leaves, and grass collected and arranged as beds, but still there were further passages going deeper into the soil, and the terrier when allowed to go in was heard yapping further than ever under the ground. On the third evening the attempt was abandoned, neither fox nor badgers being ever got out, so all that resulted was a badly bitten dog and much useless expenditure of labor.

There can be no doubt that if only its human enemies would leave it in peace, the badger would soon re-establish itself in those districts where it is now scarce, for it has little to fear except man; but it is indeed hard to stay the hand of the keeper and rabbit-catcher, whom nothing will convince that this most interesting of our wild animals is comparatively harmless, the crimes laid to its charge being the eating of a few young rabbits and, perhaps once in a way, the eggs from a pheasant's or partridge's nest, against which must be placed the good it does in destroying wasp-nests, young voles—so harmful in the meadows—and the quantities of beetles and other small creatures that it eats, nearly all of which are injurious in some way or other; while as a carrion-eater it is very useful—in short, the country side can ill afford to lose it.

Frances Pitt.

FORTUNA CHANCE.

BY JAMES PRIOR.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

R. I. P.

In the morning after a breakfast of water-gruel, during which nothing was said but the few words of course, Job Owlett put on his hat, and with a gruff "I'm a-goo'in'" over his left shoulder lifted the latch.

"Where are you going?" asked Roland.

"To gie mysel up to t' constable."

"What for?"

"For——"

His thumb, jerked over his shoulder towards the door of the inner room, filled his sentence up.

"They may hang you."

"They han t' reet on't."

"You must be mad."

"'Tis varry like."

"They came to rob you. I'm exceedingly sorry you shot him instead of another, but I think you was justified in shooting."

"Ay? An' wouldsta tell 'em so if they nabbed me for't?"

"Nay, I must be moving off; I have stayed here too long already."

"Thou'rt noan a-goo'in' to lave me alone wi' him i' t' 'ouse? I couldna dree' it. Justifeed or unjustifeed I did it, an' I durstna stop alone wee'm. Thou mun stay an' help me bury 'im."

Reluctant to consent, unable to refuse, Roland did not know what to say, but his host seemed to feel relief at having enmeshed another life in the hazards of his own.

"Any'ow," he said, "I'll finish my breakfast."

He did so, and to his former indifferent meal added a second hearty one. At the end of which he said:

"Thou seemst a honest dacent-like English lad. How didsta coom to tak

' Endure.

up wi' such a party o' wasters?"

"I mayn't tell you."

"Wheer dosta coom from?"

"It matters not."

"What's thy name?"

"I can't say."

Job Owlett looked at him with a certain dull admiration.

"Thou'rt oad for sich a yoongster; thou'st a wunnerful gift o' not sayin'. By my saul, I wish I could larn it on thee. Thou thinks there's no call for me to goo an' split on mysel?"

"None whatever."

"Then I winna. That's a beginnin'. To-day shall be a halliday for me. I'm nobbut a day-tale mon wi' Maister Bazeley o'er-anent Penistone, an' that's four mile off."

"'Tis a long way to lie from your work."

"'Tis a lang way; 'tis a lang lang way if thou'st a wife nigh her time, a lone woman, wi' nobody to send for t' midwife when she's taen wi' her pains. That's how 'tis Mary's out i' t' co'd and I'm here. If they'd nobbut a letten us hae that little house at Penistone, we should be both by t' same fireside, us an' a pratty little barn."

"Why couldn't you live at Penistone?"

"For becos we belang to Midhope parish reetfully, an' t' overseer at Penistone was afeard on's gettin' a settle-ment theer. They're varry careful folk hereabouts; so careful it's hard wark for a poor mon to live. But now I mun flit, with license or without. I hae a nont an' nuncle at Wakefield, I'll goo to them. But fust I'll see t' poor mon buried i' t' churchyard side by side wi' her."

"There'd be questions asked which you'd find it hard to answer."

"Nay, that's ne'er bin a hardship wi'

me; but I sometimes ha' questions axed 'at I find it mighty hard not to answer."

"That's worse still."

"I want Mary here to tell me what to do. I shall miss her. My God! I shall miss her sore afore I ha' done."

Roland hastened to give a turn to his thoughts.

"We must dig a grave ourselves and bury him on the moor."

"Dosta think he'd rest out o' t' blessed ground? It's an awful thing when a deäid mon can nother be quiet hissel nor let other folk be quiet."

"Maybe he'd rest better there; I think 'twould be liker his own savage country."

"Ah? I reckon them wild men han different naturs to ourn. But we'll humor t' poor chap; he shall hae his awn way; then happens he'll forgie me that little hole i' t' small on's back. But thou mun be chief mourner. I ha' bin chief mourner once a'ready this week, an' that once is enoo."

Now Sam's Prudence, who lived in the little cabin near by in the hollow, was a slow-motioned draggle-tail with noticing eyes set in a fallow and other-wise inexpressive face, and she had much questioning with herself that morning why Job did not return to his work at Penlstone. Three days off for the funeral and its preparations and two more given to beer and sorrow seemed to her exact calculations enough. And now though she or one of the children was always out on the watch, yet another morning had dawned and he had not been seen to cross the river by the stepping-stones and traverse the narrow valley towards Langsett. The routine of the tiny house was nothing to a woman of her mental activity; the brown-ware mug that Martha, the young besom, had broken overnight had been fully treated from every point of view but Martha's. As the circumjacent air is

sucked into the jaws of a vacuum, so her thoughts, were irresistibly drawn by the attraction of her ignorance. Three or four inches of snow had fallen during the night, but that did not daunt her. She left a flasketful of half-washed clothes for Phoebe to finish off as best she could, bade Alice see to it that the kettle of broth did not boil over, set Martha to keep Mary and John from the fire, gave Billy a parting smack by way of arrearage for the past, satisfaction for the present and promise for the future, then took her way to Job's cottage with an indirectness in strange contrast with the straightforwardness of her intellectual method. The bit of knitting she had in her hands had been her excuse all winter for not minding her own business. The snow was not deep enough to cover the heather except at the drifts, which lined and dappled and flecked the general grayishness with pure white. The waft of the sullen air was from the north. The lowering clouds that covered the sky had a sulky withholding look, though now and then they dropped a flake or two of snow.

Her not aimless wanderings brought her at last to a shallow dip of the ground in a line with the cottage, where she could squat unseen among the heather and keep a close watch upon Job's house-door. There was no reason why she should not have gone straight to the door, lifted the sneck and looked in. That in the end the coldness of her feet would make it her only course was present to her all along, with the probability that she would only see himself drunk along the floor and the leathern jug empty on the table. Meanwhile she preferred to dally, to twitch her shawl, to knit a stitch or two of her stocking and to enjoy the multiform pleasure of surmise; although her utmost imagination was that he had gone for a soldier in Gen-

eral Wade's army. She had crouched thus maybe for half an hour when Job came out quite sober, with a spade and pickaxe over his shoulder. He looked about him on every hand and then went up the moor. As soon as he had gone far enough to be hidden by the swell and fall of the ground, she rose and dawdled after him. Her fancy was as active as her body was indolent, and the spade had set it running upon hidden treasure. It was certain that since his wife's death Job had changed a guinea at the Langsett ale-house, and had made a display of unusual wealth both in treating and self-indulgence. Slowly as she went she came upon him sooner than she expected, just beyond the first ridge. He was bent over his spade. Her quick instinct was to draw back, but as her body was sluggishly obeying it he looked up and saw her. She sauntered down the slope, trailing her shawl, her eyes apparently more occupied with her knitting-needles than him. Job threw his spade down by his pickaxe and advanced his broad person between her and them.

"Is't thou, Job?" she said. "I'm lookin' for our Billy, that drotted young rascal. Hasta seed 'im? I want 'im to gang to Langsett; I ha' quite runned out o' salt, an' Sam winna touch a drop nother o' broth nor gruel bawt² there's a dollop o' saisonin' in't."

"I hanna seed 'im," said Job.

His cheeks were ashy gray, his eyes bloodshot.

"Then I'll turn again. I ha' traipsed an' trailed t' country while I'm deäid-beat. But I'll pay him when I light on him, by my saul I will."

But instead of withdrawing directly she went aside, so that the spade and pick came into view and also a plot of ground, some seven feet by two, from which he had shovelled the snow away and dug out the frozen turf.

² Without.

"What arta agate on now?" she said.

Job did not answer. The unwholesome gray of his cheeks was blanched to an almost white. The likeness of that bared space to the plan of a grave could not escape her. Instantly she had made his folly the gift of a foolish reason.

"Lo thee! thou wants a bonny bit o' turf, I reckon, for to hap t' grave up. But will't grow, think ye? An' I should a tho't thou could a fun some handier nor this. But mebbe thou tho't she'd titter³ hae it from whoam like. Deäid folk hae their fancies, I knaw; whilk is nobbut nat'ral. Thou'lt ha' to borror t' cart again. He didn't charge thee oat for't afore, did 'e?"

Job shook his head; it was all he could.

"No, of coorse not. He'll wrap an' wring wheer there's summat to be gotten, but yo canna squeeze oat out o' noat. Well, I mun goo my ways. Thou hasna heerd no more o' them wild men 'at com to thee at neet an' set upon thee an' robbed thee?" Job shook his head. "They ha' been heerd on, noan so far away nother." Job himself was all of a shake. "It com from t' pock-arr'd packman 'at deals i' stay-laces an' run' hollands. He lay at Nix's ower neet, an' t' Sheffielder heerd 'im say, an' he telled Widder Webster; an' t' widder—she's gotten two strings to her bow if no more—she telled Dick Tailyor, an' Dick telled our Sam. Well, they ha' been seed at Langdendale, an' they ha' been seed on Woolley Moor, an' they ha' been seed—t' selfsame day, mind yer—by Huddersfield. Judge for thyself if they could do't by fair means. They say 'at when they catch 'em they can ather hang 'em for wild men or burn 'em for wise uns. That's all the choice they'll be allowed. Couldsta own any of 'em again?"

³ Sooner.

⁴ Smuggled.

Job made a sound betwixt grunt and groan which she could take for yes.

"For thou'lt ha' to be chief witness again 'em after they're catched. There wor a great big red-haired un, thou said?"

"Yol."

"Well, I hope thou'll hae t' pleasure o' seein' 'im hanged. Now I mun goo an' rout out that young raunge-about. I'll bang his banes for 'im. We're in for more coarse weather, I doubt."

It was at such times that Sam's Prudence felt the lack of human intercourse in that wilderness. The nearest person with fully equipped mouth and ears lived at Langsett, a roadless three-quarters of a mile away, with a river between swollen since yesterday above the stepping-stones; so that on this as on many another occasion she was reduced to making a confidant of ten-year-old Phœbe, or even of her husband, the one merely receptive, the other hardly that. When she said, flinging it down on the dinner-table in the hope of making a sensation, "The near next yo'll hear ull be 'at Job Owlett has gone clane crazy about his Mary," all Phœbe could say was, "How funny it mun feel!" and all Sam did say was, "Ah? Ony more broth I' t' kettle?"

She had to find all the comment herself and nearly all the surprise, could only imagine the lively bandying of ejaculation, question and answer which would have passed between herself and Widow Webster, the half-conscious fabrication of interesting detail, the confusion of cause and effect, the sympathetic heightening of the delicious emotions of wonder, fear, pity and contempt. All the more she needed the stimulus of further espial upon Job. Soon after dinner she again sauntered over the moor, her knitting in her hands, at the proper slack pace of a slattern. Making a half-mile circuit

5 Yea.

so as to keep out of sight from Job's cottage, she reached the place where she had found him turf-cutting.

He was not there. His digging was left just as she had seen it in the morning, the last spadeful of turf severed but not removed. She came up from the hollow and walked at her usual leisurely pace towards the house. When she had gone about half the distance she saw Job about a quarter of a mile off to the north-west, walking homewards. She quickened her steps so that she reached the cottage a little before him. She tried the door; it was locked. She looked in at the casement of the house-place but could see nothing. That of the chamber was still draped. She lolled against the doorpost and waited for Job, knitting, in no hurry. When he came up she said in her drawing way:

"Hasta took to makkin' t' door, Job, sin t' Highlan' men com?"

"Hae I made it?" He tried the door with a clumsy affectation of surprise. Roland had quietly withdrawn the bolt; the door yielded to his hand. "See thee! Happen t' door stuck a bit wi' t' damp."

"That's just what it were," said Prudence; and Job was much relieved by her being so easily put off. She left the house door and began talking of the chamber window. "Why hasta gotten t' hingings up yit? I'd hae 'em down; they mak t' ouse look so deild like." Job did not answer; stood on the threshold and did not offer to go in. "I want thee to lend me a tiny wee bit o' salt while to-morrer. That young hound hasna com in yit."

Job entered hastily, fetched the salt bowl from the cupboard and put it into her hands; but not before she had got a footing in the room.

"Here, tak it, bowl an' all." Her eyes were quick with curiosity, so different from the slow taking of her hands. "I'm a-goo'in' to flit."

"Thou'rt not a-goin' to list, Job, arta, just for becos thou'st lost thy feer?"

"If I did?"

"Mon, thou'd fall into t' clukes⁶ o' them griesly Highlan' men. They say 'at they ates all t' childer 'at cooms i' their gate. The varry tho't on' 'em maks me all of a dither like there were one of 'em round t' corner. Dosta think there is?"

"Not there!" answered Job, pale and trembling.

"Thou dost. Thou'rt as much afeared on 'em as me."

"What talk, wench!"

"Lo thee!"

"What is't?"

"I tho't I heerd summat. Run an' see. Out o' doors. There's a good un."

Job went, but only just through the door.

"Theres' noat."

"Nay, but goo a bit further an' mak sure."

He went a step or two further, but so that he could still see into the house.

"Noat at all, I upho'd thee."

"Well, well, thou'st bin a married mon thysel for a twelmonth, thou doesn't need larnin' what fools women is. Well, I mun goo, afore t' childer pulls t' ouse down ower their yeds. No langer agone nor yisterday Phoebe, the young besom, broke my brown mug all to flitters."

She went out; she seemed to be really going, but suddenly put her hand to the wall as if for support.

"I do feel funny, some," she said and dropped the bowl; but so as to spill no salt.

"Wae'st heart! what ails thee, wench?"

"'Tis nobbut the tho't o' them par-lous men. Fetch me summat to sit on, quick! My knees'll gi' way unner me."

⁶ Clutches.

Job fetched a cricket out and thrust it under her just as she was dropping to the ground.

"Look at my honds, how they shak'! An' I feel cokered⁷ like, as if I couldna breathe."

Certainly her hands shook; and her face was always ready-colored for a qualm.

"Fetch me a sup o' watter, fresh from t' brook, to weet my brow. I feel like to swoond. I'm co'd like all ower. Quick! But dunnott be lang; I'm afeared to be left."

Job had an underconsciousness that he was being tricked, but he lacked the decision which would have made it active, lacked suppleness to escape from a position contrived for him. He took a bowl and ran to a little gush of water that burst out of the hillside twenty yards from the door. Prudence flew for the inner room. Roland came out of hiding there, but too late to stop her. She entered, and before her astonished eyes was displayed on the bed one of those huge hairy savages whom she had been playing off upon Job. In that dim light he seemed in a horrible way to be alive. His eyes stared at her with a dead likeness to life, his mouth seemed to gape for her, yet there was also the stark terror of death about him. She cried out, turned, rushed past Roland, not heeding him, and fled homeward in no simulated fear. Job returning saw her run, and fell over the salt-bowl in his haste to enter the house. The door to the chamber was wide open.

"She has looked in," said Roland.

"Warr⁸ an' warr," said Job. "What mun we do now? She knows. An' what she knows she'll tell; an' more."

"We must get out of here as soon as we can."

"I promised 'im I'd bury 'im, an' I will."

⁷ Choked.

⁸ Worse.

"Then it behoves us both to be quick with it."

Twilight was coming on. They might not now wait for the night. Hastily they made their rude funeral preparations. Job tore a broad plank from the side of a rough penthouse which leant against the back of the cottage; that was the bier. They laid the dead man on it, first putting a white cloth over his face to hide that awful simulation of life which the glassy eyes gave it. By his side they placed his claymore. The man and the boy staggered under the terrible burden, but it was no time to give way. As they bore it forth, the moor gently rising before them looked black already against the woolly sky. It was but a journey of a short two furlongs, and Roland's memory kept no record of it save the contradictory impression of a heavy blank. Job had dug that second grave only a few yards from the spot where the dead man had lain and secretly bled. It was behind a slight hump, enough to screen them on the Langsett side and give lodgment to a considerable snowdrift. That narrow shallow trench, banked round by freshly upturned black frozen clods, made a sorry blot on the pure white. They lowered the corpse with an awe-stricken clumsiness, trembling both of them. Job drew Roland a few yards aside, as though he might be overheard, and whispered hoarsely in his ear:

"'Tis a fearsome thing to lay honds to t' mon yo've killed."

He broke off a twig of heather, returned to the grave and dropped it in.

"I did t' same by Mary," he said. "They say 'at rosemary if yo can come by't is best for to mak t' sperrit rest. But they dunnot say 'at rosemary ull bring 'em back."

Then he took the spade and began hastily to shovel the earth in. There was craft in his method; he busily heaped earth upon the feet but carefully

left the head uncovered. When the filling-in rose so high that it began to appear out of the gloom of the trench, he pushed the spade into Roland's hand, saying:

"Mak a finish o' t' wark whilst I rest mysel."

Roland took a timid spadeful and looked down. At the bottom of the dark hole he saw a little glimmer of white. It was from the cloth that covered the face, but it seemed like the face itself looking up. He felt the same horror as if his spadeful had been meant to choke the breath in living nostrils. He let the spade empty itself into the snow.

"I can't anyhow do it," he said.

"We hanna no time to stand," said Job. "Gie't to me." He took the spade from Roland and shuddered. "A shooful o' black earth is a faw kuss⁹ on a mon's mouth." He shut his eyes. "Now tak me by t' hond an' turn me about."

Roland did so.

"Nay," said Job, "it's t' same place; I know it well. Turn me again."

Roland did so.

"Nay," said Job, "it's noan better. I seem to gleg it thorough my eyelids. Turn me about more an' better; twizle me round twyst; disguise it from me."

Roland turned him twice, and once again.

"Nay," cried Job desperately, "I know he's a-lookin' up at me; I can see his een skimmerin'." Faith an' trawth, 'tis toota uncouth, when a mon canna hinder hissel from seein'."

Such delay was likely to cost them dear. Roland took the spade from him, nerved himself and with open eyes cast a spadeful in, then another and another.

"Forgie's, poor Highlan' mon," said Job. "Dust to dust, ass to ass."

⁹ Foul (ugly) kiss.

¹⁰ Glimmering.

His eyes came open in his own des-
pite. The glimmer of white at the
bottom was blotted out. He received
the spade back and soon the pit was
filled in, heaped up. A few snowflakes
fluttered down and lay, unnoticeable
save on that mound of newly turned
earth.

"Ay," said Job, "if t' snow ud fall
again an' cover wer ugly job we should
be all reet. Yet it irks me, poor crat-
tur. T' snow's a co'd, co'd happin'.
Howsumever—in sure an' sertain hope
o'—summat." He took up spade and
pick. "Now coom your ways."

Roland stood for a moment by the
graveside with bared head in silence,
then turned away and followed his
companion over the moor. The snow
was already falling fast. Job stood
at the open door and looked into the
dark house.

"Does't mind thee of oat?" he said.

"Ay," answered Roland.

"It doe me. I canna, an' yit I mun."

"We have lingered too long al-
ready."

"I know that, ower well. But I
canna; an' yit I mun."

"What do you want?"

"Tis on t' chimley-shelf. I allus
tho't it favored her a wee bit."

Roland thought he knew; he entered
hastily, struck against the table, over-
turned a stool, clumsily groping found
the chimney, reached up to the shelf,
knocked something off with a metallic
clatter and something else with a crash

(To be continued.)

of pottery, then laid his hand on what
he was in search of and brought it to
the door, a paltry chimney ornament, a
poor little paint-smudged shepherdess
with absurd hoop and beribboned
crook.

"That's it!" said Job. "'Tis wunner-
ful like her; partic'lar t' mouth."

He put it in his pocket, then picked
up a small harden bag which he had
crammed with such portable property
as he most needed or valued, thrust a
stake through under the knot and
lifted it to his shoulder. Roland took
with him nothing of the dead man's but
his pistol, powder and shot and the
money, which last was only a partial
restitution of what he had been robbed
of. The rest of that *donatio pro mortis*
causa he had buried with its late pos-
sessor.

"Now we're boun' for Wakefield,"
said Job.

"Is it on the way to Scotland?" asked
Roland.

"Ay, sure 'tis."

"How do you know?"

"Nay, I'm noan purtendin' to know.
It's that fur off a mon canna be ex-
pected to know. I nobbut mane 'tis
the way I should choose. If I were
forced to choose."

"Where does it lie?"

Job pointed almost opposite to the
quarter in which the sun had died
wintrily out.

"Then lead on, with the best speed
you may."

POETRY AND THE MODERN NOVEL.*

It is a very remarkable fact that,
even at this stage of æsthetic accuracy,
we are still unable to define to every-
body's satisfaction the most vital ele-

* The substance of this paper was given as
an address to the Poets' Club on March 28th,
1912.

ment of Art. We are tolerably sure
what is and is not Music; we have no
hesitation, even in Sackville Street, in
recognizing what is and is not Paint-
ing. Sculpture, Dancing, and Archi-
tecture present no problems in their

definition; but Poetry, escaping from the pigeon-holes of fixed denomination like the creature of fire and air it is, eternally eludes us. No doubt differences of language are partly to blame. Poetry alone of the arts lacks a universally recognized outward sign of its spiritual existence; and, like certain wines, it is very impatient of translation. Color is the same for us as it was for Venice four hundred years ago. The symphonies of Beethoven sound with equal majesty in London and Berlin. Praxiteles and Rodin wrought their monuments from similar material. But Heine may be unintelligible where Herrick enchants the listener; and so widely do not merely the tongues of mankind but also the national standards of beautiful language vary, that the application of any test of words alone is almost useless. In England we have poetic words and unpoetic words, and for this reason, perhaps, English poetry is more readily recognized than any other nation's. For this reason, too, perhaps we have in England the best of the world's poetry and a good deal of the worst: ambidexterity does not help a language when ostentatiousness reveals its weakness. In France, where poetry has always suffered from an over-elaboration of pure technique and a devotion to barren forms, genius is often dissected like a jigsaw and put together by a tenth muse called Ingenuity. How much of French poetry is Rhetoric curbed by the reins of metre.

I wonder whether comparisons apply to poetry—that is, whether we actually have any justification for speaking of good and bad poetry, as I myself did a moment ago. Surely the only antithesis to poetry is not-poetry; and is prose necessarily not-poetry? It might be safer to contrast prose with verse. I do not believe that poetry is discoverable in externals, and, incidentally, I

would like to take this opportunity to reprobate very strongly the barbarous phrase "poetical prose." I confess I scarcely know what it can mean. If it be intended to describe prose infused with the spirit of poetry, it would surely never have acquired the odium that is attached to it. If it mean prose mimicking the regular stresses and rhythms and assonances of verse, it can surely only be called prose by the courtesy or avarice of the printer. But I believe that "poetical prose" is generally used to signify prose in a condition of hysterical excitement, language in an epilepsy: so why the meaning of poetical should be disgracefully debased it is difficult to imagine.

In primitive times all the noblest actions and emotions of humanity were expressed in metrical forms for the reason that, recitation being the medium of distribution, it was necessary to make an obviously rhythmical appeal. Moreover, superficially, it is easier to write verse than prose: the less exhausting intervals are a great aid to the expression of simple ideas. It is worth noting, too, that with the growth of complications moral, mental, eugenic, rational, which has been called civilization, verse has been more and more completely puzzled to hold its own with prose. Now to argue that this is bad is to argue that progress is bad. No doubt the proposition is defensible; but it lies outside our province, and I am only anxious to persuade you that, though verse is perhaps no longer the dominant aesthetic influence on our period, it by no means follows that the supremacy enjoyed since the beginning of Art by Poetry is in any danger of destruction. I wonder if I can make my meaning clearer by analogies from other arts. I should be tempted to say that the earlier composers like Bach wrote in verse; that Beethoven wrote sometimes in prose, but mostly in verse; that Schumann

wrote sometimes in verse, but mostly in prose; that Wagner wrote, and Strauss writes, entirely in prose. Again, Rodin is a prose sculptor; Turner and Whistler are prose painters.

And if you feel that these analogies are too fantastic, let me remind you of certain phases in the history of English literature.

After the dramatic outburst of the Elizabethans, that reflected in poetic drama the suddenly heightened action of contemporary politics, an age of comparatively degenerate verse succeeded, from which emerged the solitary figure of Milton, that great eclectic and decadent. Contemporary with him was the greatest age of English prose which, learning from the Authorized Version new and stupendous harmonies, contained the real poetry of the time. During the eighteenth century verse fell farther and farther away from poetry, and was content with the insignificant treatment of important subjects, as in Pope's "Essay on Man," or with the elaboration of unimportant subjects, as in the same poet's "Rape of the Lock." And where was poetry hiding? I confess the Muses were in strange company; for Calliope was riding pillion behind Henry Fielding, and Melpomene was gossiping over a counter with Samuel Richardson. The Romantic revival flamed up in a profusion of glorious verse, and with the renewed worship of the past, with all the best inspiration of poetry going into verse, prose stood still, stifled by the rhetoric of chattering statesmen all agog with the French Revolution and the rise of Bonaparte.

At this point I am inclined to hazard a generalization, and say that prose nearly always occupies itself with the reflection of the present. The past presents itself for us mostly in patterns, and verse is better able to take advantage of patterns than prose,

which always achieves its own design with greater labor and less consciousness of it in the making. I believe that Browning wrote in verse primarily on account of the manifest rhythm of the past.

You are, no doubt, perfectly aware by this time that I cannot identify poetry with verse, and you have possibly remarked how many fences I have tried to leap to avoid a plain definition. Poetry, for me, is the quintessence of life displayed and preserved in a reliquary of beautiful words; and for the purposes of this definition, I will say that life consists of action, emotion and thought, together with their corollaries of experience, tranquillity and contemplation, against a background of divine and human beauty. To me great poetry seems to happen when a perfection of utterance or expression completely coincides with the capacity for experience, the sense of tranquillity and the power of contemplation.

Now you will not, I hope, deny that prose may contain all these. The predominance of action will give drama; the exaltation of emotion will produce lyric poetry; the battles of thought may effect a philosophy. I am not going to claim for the novel a likely supremacy in any one of these conditions. It would not be fair to expect for a guinea the right to change as often as you like works that combine *Macbeth*, the *Ode to a Skylark*, and the *Phædo*. But I do ask that the modern novel may be free to utilize all these, and, furthermore, that the novelist's complete works, bound exquisitely in the *édition définitive*, may one day confront their creator as his epical contribution to the poetry of his time.

I do not believe that the epic, as written for the last time by Milton, possesses any chance of revival in the traditional form. The complexity of modern life has made it inconceivable; for the epic was invented to record

splendidly splendid deeds and simple thoughts. Sincerity is necessary to all art; but an epic *is* sincerity. The original epics were produced casually, almost as after-dinner speakers would persuade us that they produce their speeches. The later epics were begotten by belief in an idea, by the obsession of an overwhelming reality. Such was the *Divina Commedia*. Such was *Paradise Lost*. What idea or reality have we now in this empirical age? There is one only—Man. And I would ask you to believe that no twelve books of great blank verse will suffice to sing the epic of democracy.

Our contemporary epic is the united output of fiction. We plant more and more saplings every year, but few survive August drought or Christmas frost; and such trees as we leave behind will depend for their growth on the forestry of the future. The English novel has always leaned towards the epic, and was invented just as casually. I do not believe it marked a continuation of that steady growth which, beginning with Milesian tales, developed through Petronius and Apuleius and Boccaccio, and had reached already its culmination with Cervantes. The foundations of the English novel seem to me to rest on a far less obvious basis than the *conte*, and to represent a revolt against the Georgian devotion to compartments. In the eighteenth century Literature and Politics, Morality, Religion and Society, all had to show a greatest common factor of common sense. Poetry does not flourish in periods when mankind is engaged in auditing his history and, as it were, putting an extravagantly managed business on a sound commercial footing. This craze for arrangement was bound to set the world off again, when the leisurely recuperation from the effects of two stormy centuries began to manifest itself in a certain bolsterousness of too good health. The poetry of Tom

Jones is mostly to be found in its profound vitality and passionately normal humanity. After kings and institutions, after new worlds and new religions, it seemed suddenly to strike Fielding as worth while to write of the ultimate cause of all the surging change, the ordinary man's ordinary actions. Almost at the same time Richardson thought it worth while to write of the ordinary woman. Tom Jones has often enough been called an epic. The parallel is plain enough to establish a platitude. But *Clarissa Harlowe*, perhaps because of its awkward epistolary form, has never seemed to justify any comparison with the epic. Yet the "soul with all its maladies," the strife of character, the subservience of action to motive, the reality of the protagonists, the pageant of domestic life, indicated to posterity a potential development of the novel which all the spacious sanity of Fielding never promised. His is the poetry of Shakespeare's comedy, of green England, of simplicity and grossness and normality; but *Clarissa* claims comparison with Hamlet, and hers is the poetry of the human soul. I wish I had space to examine the long list of successors to Fielding and Richardson, to show you how, in my opinion, the immortality of any novelist depends almost entirely on his poetry. I will refer instead to a brilliant exposition of the theory of ecstasy in literature, to Mr. Arthur Machen's *Hieroglyphics*. You will find there much to dissent from, but you will also find much more to endorse and many lines of critical development finely indicated.

I am inclined to say that Balzac really gave us the form of the modern novel. If Fielding was the Homer, he was the Dante. He wrote in a frenzy of creation. He deliberately and consciously imagined an epic, and in his *Comédie Humaine* directly challenged comparison with the Florentine. Bal-

zac was more essentially poetic than his predecessors. He was not merely content with the mystery of psychology and the glories of action, he perceived also the significance of names—you remember Z. Marcas—and of streets and the enchantment of great cities. He was aware of the massed opinion which makes a movement. He discerned the great in the small; the small in the great. He wrote his epic amid the débris of the French Revolution, a débris which had been hastily covered over with the tawdry counterpane of the Second Empire.

We are faced with somewhat similar conditions. Not even Balzac was confronted by such an accumulation of raw material. The great Victorian novelists smiled tranquilly down on the industrial welter of their time and, shining with the reflected sunset of the Romantic revival, continued with few exceptions along the lines of the Georgian tradition. The raw material went on accumulating; it was dismissed from the consideration of artists as ugly: but unless the novelist of to-day tried to extract the poetry from it, this accumulation will be apt to swamp art, as indeed was once very nearly the case. The novel probably originated in a desire to balance the claims of the heroic with the admission of the commonplace through the medium of contemporary manners. This desire, at any rate, served the purpose of the two centuries that preceded our own. The claims of the heroic were still sufficiently perceptible in the conspicuousness of individual life. But gradually, as with less dexterous hands unreality enveloped the heroic and sentiment clouded the commonplace, the novel betrayed signs of expiring from inanition. It is not so easy for our present novelists to protect the claims of the heroic as many critics would have them believe. The novelist of to-day, if he be sincere

and of a wide vision, has to deal with huge masses of conjoined individualities, with the personality of mobs and movements, with the appalling inhumanity of human aggregations. Unquestionably Balzac tried to grapple with this problem of art when he sought to classify mankind in types and to partition society into organic groups.

There is a widely diffused and frequently voiced grievance that to-day we have no great men. To a certain extent the Victorians ensured their greatness by their want of sympathy. This is not a paradox. They always remained serene; they were never feverish. But then they had nothing much to excite them, except Free Trade and Popular Education and an Extended Franchise—academic reforms to them: to us vital problems. Balzac alive—and how much alive!—between the Revolution and the Commune, the most feverish personality of a feverish epoch, was never a professional great man like so many of his English contemporaries. I am not trying to sneer at the Victorians—they were always glorious artists: but Thackeray was not a poet; George Eliot was not a poet; Dickens and Meredith ceased to be poets. They were, indeed, great novelists; but they were so great that they have made it almost impossible for modern novelists to recover from the responsibility of their greatness. I shall make myself clearer when I say that for me Thomas Hardy is the greatest of them all, for Thomas Hardy gave the present something to work on, to develop. He is a poet, a very great poet, and for that reason he may be called a productive genius.

Consider now the poetry of what to most of the Victorians was either rhetoric or logic. Consider the stress of our period with the rush of education, the multiplicity of newspapers, the increasing publicity, the helter-skelter

criticism, the swift veering of popular ideals, the racking fatigue, and all the ills of democracy many times magnified beyond the gloom of the great pessimists of the past, flung at our heads together with virtues and triumphs undreamed of before they were beheld. When you think that Mrs. Browning was so much overcome by her first sight of Paddington Station that she took to her bed for some days to recover from it, it is not surprising that the writers of the present have not yet secured a foothold, that they still seem to evade their opportunities, that they appear to hesitate, that artistic experiments are manifold. Yet they are all searching for one thing—the poetry of it all; and by the poetry of the present will the novel survive. If Life and Art were really as easy as they appear after reading *The Spectator*, no doubt the sensitive critic would be spared the unpleasantness of many harsh experiments. Nevertheless, these experiments are signs of vitality.

Mr. Kipling was the first of the moderns to formulate his ideals. He turned with disgust from the ineffective Liberalism that fell to pieces in 1892, and tried to balance the claims of the heroic Imperialist with the admission of the commonplace soldier. He flashed his prose like a heliograph to the ends of the earth, and in a few weeks all that he had helped to build up crumbled in the disaster and disillusionment of the Boer War. Since then he has claimed for the present nothing heroic. His conception was rooted in poetry, but not so deeply as to reach that subsoil which was so soon to come to the surface and kill with rankness the flowers of Imperialism. This subsoil must be made fertile by the poets of to-day. It must be worked and dug and cultivated experimentally, so that soon, if not in our generation, the rankness will be sweet

and fit for flowers. And poetry is showing signs that no longer is it content to chirp in a golden cage of romance, no longer is it afraid to trail what pinions are left in the mud of reality. The legend of public indifference to verse is slowly being disproved, and soon, we may trust, our poets will not mope silent for evermore after the striking of a few soft and melancholy chords. But poetry does not depend on verse. This must inevitably be primarily an age of prose, because, as I said before, prose labors more heavily to beget itself: and this raw age can scarcely yet be conscious of its own patterns and rhythms. Poetry, in its purest form, poetry in verse, will doubtless be written by men unborn who, regarding from a more tranquil future the travail of the present, will weave immortally its pattern. Soon action must be heightened, and drama will burst forth to accompany appropriately the characteristic of that period. Days of swift action will need nights of drama, the intensification of poetic action. Possibly our contemporary lyrical poets are culpable for the neglect of verse. They are, perhaps, more numerous and more generally accomplished than ever before, but they lack that singing note which is born from triumph and achievement, as when a skylark sings loudest at his topmost altitude. We should look to the lyric, if not for triumph, at least for aspiration in its purest expression: too much of our lyric poetry is a sad complaint. This age has not yet been proved a failure; and if sometimes one is overwhelmed by the contemplation of fled glories, how encouraging is it to stand on the steps of the Albert Memorial, glad to give the Victorians all they had in an almost Pharisaic self-congratulation.

After all, if there are greater difficulties for the contemporary artist to surmount, there is more material to in-

spire him. I question, to be content with a trivial example, whether the Tube is not almost the finest adventure of travel which the world has known. For me, certainly, every journey is an Odyssey from the moment I enter the lift, with its subtle variations of mood—the subdued gaiety of expectation about half-past seven in contrast with the lassitude of the afternoon—the personalities of the liftmen, and the curious intimacy and relaxation of by-laws late at night. There is the waiting on the tempestuous platform, the Cyclopean eye of the advancing train, the adventure of boarding, the fastidiousness in the choice of a neighbor, the sense of equality, the mysterious and flattering reflection of oneself in the opposite windows, and even the colors of the various stations—from the orange and lemon of Covent Garden to the bistre melancholy of Caledonian Road, or Camden Town faintly cerulean like an autumnal sky. Surely the poetic novelist should never be called upon to defend his instinct for decoration when the stark realities are so full of suggestive color.

But, indeed, the external poetry of the modern novel suffers still from an imputation of bastardy. Many critics view decorative prose in the same way as certain mistresses observe the feathered hat of a parlor-maid *en fête* and free. For many critics realism has certain epithets which stick fast as burrs. It must always be gray and sordid and depressing; sometimes, under the excitement of a larger vocabulary, it is also mean and squalid. One is inclined to think that truth is made to depend on the opinion of a majority. For my part, I believe that "realism" is the substance or abstraction of a familiar theme or object treated justly—that is, without extravagance, but also without superficiality. Much modern realism is simply nominalism too easily content with

what the unimaginative majority choose to call the familiar theme or object.

Perhaps I am laying too much stress on the externals of poetry: for it is not to be supposed that an eye for color will make a novelist into a poet. I should be like the followers of Victor Hugo who, when some poet first read his verses to the critical circle, sat in silence until the newcomer came to the epithets "*jaune et bleu*." Then they broke into loud applause and voted him a true poet. Mere "blue and yellow" does not make poetry. We must have that perfection of expression completely coinciding with the capacity for experience, the sense of tranquillity and the power of contemplation.

It may be worth while to apply the test of these four qualities to the modern novel. Sometimes I think that the first is the most generally neglected. I do feel that we are too charitable towards bad writing, too ready to condone bad craftsmanship, if the matter be good. Beautiful words and the beautiful arrangement of words solidified by precision and judgment in their application must more than ever be emphatically demanded now. I do not believe one little bit in the value of undisciplined autobiography, of jejune self-revelation. At the moment we are far too ready, from a natural eagerness to appreciate the new elements in our society, from our excitement at reaping the first harvest of universal education, to overlook the absence of art and, adopting a miserable *cliché*, to say, "Here is life—a finer thing than literature." I wish that this detestable premiss whose only logical conclusion is the cinematograph in combination with the gramophone could be killed. *Ars longa, vita brevis* is a more admirable platitude. One is tired of these introspective muffin-men chaperoned by leading novelists, of these communicative peers vouched for

by their publishers. If we disdain the craft of letters, the power of style, the austerity, the discipline, the merely academic routine, the heritage of great works of art that survived the little lives of their creators—if we disdain all these, we shall not find in any poet or novelist a quality that will compensate for their loss. Those twin spirits, beauty of language and beauty of form, must be eternally pursued. They will run often in contrary directions, but with the capture of one the pursuit of the other must be urged the faster. They are both necessary.

We come to the capacity for experience. That does not mean experience itself. A guide is not more trustworthy because he has fallen down a precipice; but if he has been aware of the possibility, and contemplated the result, he will be more trustworthy than the guide who has never observed the precipice until the occasion of his swift and final descent. It is wonder that gives the poet and the child capacity for experience. The poetic novelist will give this sense of wonder to his readers. He will teach them to be surprised by life through literature. The false realist and unpoetic novelist always truckles to the expected. He has no capacity for experience. He merely records the commonplace without heeding the claims of the heroic. The poetic novelist must not only give his readers wonder, he must at the same time preserve his sense of tranquillity. The fervid and lyrical presentation of life in high moods will only be valuable in proportion to the degree of sanity in static moments. The poetic novelist will never relax his hold upon the normal, whatever fiery page of prose may seem for a moment to loosen his grip. Shakespeare meant more than dramatic contrast when the drums of Fortinbras were heard at the close of *Hamlet*. This sense of tran-

quillity is very necessary in an age of fever. The false realist will be infected by the turbulence and discontent and misery. The poetic novelist will perceive rather the dignity of the poor, will hear the inexorable and majestic tread of labor, and admire the nobility of endurance.

Lastly, for the poet remains the power of contemplation. Armed with this, he may survey not merely the world as from a mountain-top, but also his own work—the microcosm of his world, while the false realist regards himself in a mirror. I had almost said a newspaper.

I am convinced that the modern novel lives only by the poetry which gives it life. It is not enough to trace, however accurately, the contours of the surface. It is not enough to record a chronicle of facts. It is not enough to reflect in a work of art the observation of the commonplace mind of the majority. Truth is always beautiful, but truthfulness may be often very ugly. The realistic novelist might accurately see in the coal strike merely the misery of the unemployed, the gauntness of starvation, the dislocation of traffic, the obstinacy of the miners and the owners, the effectiveness or fatuity of Mr. Asquith. But another realistic novelist might imagine the muttering of Labor as it turns restlessly after centuries of dull sleep, and the force of Capital at bay. He might laugh at the vanities and follies of all statesmen, the ecstasies and lamentations of divergent opinions.

One might go on for ever illustrating the difference between the false realist and the poetic novelist, and at the end of it be no nearer the truth than Aristotle's dictum that Art should be universal. I find one always comes back to Aristotle. But the modern novel will achieve universality through poetry, for poetry is immortality in a radiance of words. Poetry is life

itself, and as I make this assertion all my definitions seem to be melting in criticism; but I shall console myself

The English Review.

with the reflection that poetry is ultimately undefinable, just as life is ultimately inexplicable.

Compton Mackenzie.

AT THE SALON AND THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

It may be remembered that when my friends Sir John and Lady Bilderby¹ made the tour of the Salon picture galleries last year, under the wing of M. de L'Atelier, they had not time (or shall we say space?) to examine the sculpture. I am sure they did so afterwards; but to say truth, it is rather too common with English visitors to an exhibition to devote nearly all their time to the pictures, and only spare a hurried glance at the sculpture before leaving. This is hardly fair to the sculptors (who, however, in England, are pretty well used to neglect and indifference); but it is also unfair to themselves, as starving their own æsthetic education, in neglecting a form of art which deals much more largely with abstract symbolism than modern painting usually does. For though the great end of all art is symbolism and not realism, painting is founded on realism to begin with; and so many spectators (and some painters) get no further than the half-way house, and are content with outward shows of life, their appreciation of which may be reduced to the shorthand form, "it is like," or "it is not like":

That's the very man!

Look at the boy who stoops to pat the dog:

and so on. It is an innocent recreation, which makes no great strain on the intellect (though, be it remembered, the producing of it means considerable ability and severe training on the part of the painter); and so painting is nat-

urally the more popular art. For sculpture, in spite of the fact that it deals with actual form in the round instead of the projection of form on a plane surface, cannot pretend to the realistic representation of life which appeals to everyday experience. It is a severely limited art, dealing with severely designed form, executed in a monumental material; dealing more especially with the nude human figure, in which alone precision of line is of such importance and difficulty as to justify the monumental material; many things may be worth painting which it is not worth while to carve in marble. Sculpture may thrive on mere beauty of form—that is achievement enough to justify it; but its highest aim is the symbolizing of an idea through human form—an aim which is not readily appreciated by the popular mind, on this side of the Channel at all events. In France it may be, for at the Salon there is more of symbolic sculpture than is to be found elsewhere, and that would hardly be the case did not such work find encouragement and sympathy.

Let us then, this time, begin our brief survey with the sculpture, which in fact is the strongest element at the Salon. The vast sculpture hall contains, as usual, nearly a thousand works in sculpture (900, to be precise) prepared for one year's exhibition—an extraordinary testimony to the artistic energy and vitality of the French nation. French sculpture is perhaps not all that it was ten or fifteen years ago, but in the present exhibition you cannot move many steps in any direction

¹ "Conversations at the Salon and the Royal Academy," by H. Heathcote Statham, *Nineteenth Century and After*, June 1911.

without coming on something worth attention. The large works which occupy the axis of the hall are not the best this year. M. Bacqué has a colossal monument to Michaelangelo representing him on horseback, in a broad-brimmed hat, on the top of a rock-like eminence, from the sides of which grow blocked-out *ébauches* of some of his own works—*Day and Night*, and others. This is rather like making Michaelangelo supply his own monument. M. Laporte-Blairsy's monumental fountain to the memory of Clémence Isaure, "créatrice des jeux floraux (XV^e siècle)," to be erected in a public place in Toulouse, is a work showing a good deal of piquant and original fancy in the details, but wants architectural coherence as a whole. Another great monument for the same city—*Aux Gloires de Toulouse*, by M. Ducuing, is on a triangular plan, with a lofty stele rising in the centre, at the base of which are three colossal seated figures, representing "Sculpture and Painting," "Architecture" (a portrait figure of Bachelier), and "A Troubadour"; the stele crowned by a figure of the same Clémence Isaure to whom the fountain is dedicated. The architectural portion of the monument is very well designed; the defect of the thing, as a whole, is that the figures at the base seem too accidentally placed and not sufficiently connected with the architectural centre. Across the top end of the hall extends M. Bouchard's immense group of six great oxen yoked in pairs and drawing a very rustic-looking plough, which appeared here in plaster some years ago under the same title, *Le Défrichement*, and is now translated into bronze. This is a work of great power in its way, a kind of sculptural glorification of French agricultural labor; but where is such a thing to be placed? It seems too large to deal with; nothing is said of its destination.

The honors of the Salon are more with some of the smaller works this year; notably, perhaps, with M. Alfred Boucher for two works of very different kind, each equally perfect in its way. One is a female figure, said to be a portrait, wearing a helmet and clad entirely in such close-fitting tights as to seem practically nude, buckling on a sword-belt, with the title *S'il le faut*. Nothing could exceed the mastery with which this fine figure is modelled, though the whole thing is somewhat of a puzzle. His other work is a beautiful seated and clothed figure, hands clasped round her knees, with the title *La Réverie*; as an example of the poetry of sculpture this is no doubt the finest thing in the collection. The figure is clothed not in what is usually called "drapery," but in a rather short skirt, not too realistically treated. But it loses nothing of its poetic character by this; and it may be observed that in a general way a seated figure is, in a sculptural sense, better clothed than nude—at all events in the lower portion; it wants the clothing to give breadth of surface. M. Gustave Michel, one of the most able and thoughtful of French sculptors of the day, exhibits a model on a small scale of a monument to Beethoven, which ought to work out into something fine on a larger scale. It is a composition in a generally pyramidal form, the lower part occupied by symbolical figures, not representing individually any of Beethoven's compositions—the sculptor carefully avoided that as "discutable"—but symbolizing the passions, the griefs, the struggles, which lay at the basis of his works; the work culminating in a group, above the composer's figure (which appears at half-length in the upper portion of the composition), representing the joy of life. I should like to hear that the sculptor had a commission to carry this out on a large scale; it is a mon-

ument with an idea in it, and there is a tumultuous character in its lines which suits its great subject.

M. Jean-Boucher (with a hyphen, please, to distinguish him from Alfred Boucher) has taken for his principal work a great historic subject, *Réunion de la Bretagne à la France*, which is symbolized by a collection of figures in a semicircular alcove under a semi-dome—figures "in their coats, their hosen, their hats, and their other garments," which are rather too realistic for the purposes of sculpture; he is just saved by the "great laps and folds of sculptor's work" in the sumptuous mantle of "La Bretagne." This is probably a State commission; the artist, who has produced some of the most poetic works in sculpture of the present day (notably *Antique et Moderne*), would hardly have chosen it of his own accord. The State is somewhat anxious to make use of sculpture to impress its own ideas upon the public. Family life is to be encouraged, so the State purchases M. Bigonet's group *Premier Pas*, a peasant mother encouraging her infant to walk: Millet in the round, one may say. With a similar aim it purchases M. Hugues's group, *Le Poème de la Terre: l'enfant, le soldat, le vieillard récompensé de son labeur*. Here is the whole theory of virtuous republican life in a nutshell; the mother and infant on one side of the base of a pyramidal composition; on the other side the young soldier, rifle and all, prepared to defend his country; at the apex of the pyramid the old man, to whom some nude agrarian nymphs offer up the fruits of the earth, the recompense of his toil. M. Hughes is a fine sculptor, who has done some notable works—no one who saw it will ever forget *La Muse de la Source*; but he has made a mistake here in mixing up realistic with nude allegorical figures in the same group. But the most portentous sign of the times in sculpture is

the huge relief composition, on a curved plan, a commission from the State to M. Daillon, entitled *Aux Morts! Aux Exilés! (2 Décembre 1851)*. On the face of the work are the figures of those killed or exiled in connection with the Coup d'état, a nude Victor Hugo standing out conspicuous on the right; on the top is the mailed figure of France, with a broken sword, trying to keep off the beak of the Imperial Eagle. So the memory of Badinguet has come to this! "The evil that men do lives after them"; but one might add the context "The good is oft interred with their bones." It seems rather ungrateful; France made much of him at one time, and would still consecrate his memory, if her own cry of "à Berlin" had led to a satisfactory result. A finer piece of political symbolism is to be seen in M. Marx's *Le Joug de la Victoire*, also a State commission; a figure of Victory, with one knee on a shield beneath which two men are crouched, bent double like the souls in the tenth book of the *Purgatorio* who bore heavy stones on their backs:

E qual più pazienza avea negli atti
Plangendo pareva dicer: Più non posso.

That is a moral we may all take to heart; and it is expressed in fine sculptural form.

Leaving these moralities and turning to works that are purely artistic in their intent, one may note that M. Mercié's chief contribution is an heroic-size bronze figure of *Columbia* for some monument in America; he has done better things, but the head and the action are fine, as they could hardly fail to be in his hands. *Inspiration* and *Harmonie*, by M. Convers, are two fine half-recumbent figures forming part of a decoration for the courtyard of the National Conservatoire of Music: they take opposite sides of the base of a decorative column. "Inspiration," gazing straight before her,

is a noble figure answering to the title; "Harmonie" he has endeavored to symbolize by making her half turn her head to listen to some birds, which, as a musician once complained, "sing so horribly out of tune," and certainly "the music of nature" is an idea rather *passé* now; it might have done for Herbert Spencer, but we know that music no more arose out of natural sounds than Gothic vaulting out of the imitation of trees. M. Hippolyte Lefebvre, usually the patron of realistic sculpture, exhibits a spirited *fronton* for the theatre of Lille, symbolizing Apollo; it will look better when it has the boundary lines of the pediments to control it. M. Charpentier's *Fleurs qu'il aimait* is a very graceful relief figure of a nude girl reaching up to kiss a cluster of roses. M. Villeneuve exhibits a half-size model of a monument to Rabelais for the town of Montpellier, a semi-architectural erection, with heads of Pantagruel and Gargantua worked into it, and a gowned figure in front representing the *Faculté de Médecine* studying Rabelais' translation of the aphorisms of Hippocrates; and M. Cornille Theunissen exhibits the base of a monumental stele to Jules Breton, with one of Breton's own peasant figures seated by it. M. Desca's full-length figure of Berlioz is too quiet and contemplative for Berlioz, who was nothing if not a fighter; this hardly gives one an idea of the composer who stamped his feet at the Conservatoire orchestra—"Faster! faster! This is a Saltarello!" to the scandal of the respectable Habeneck. As to the number of single figures that are simply charming, any one of which would arrest attention at the Academy, it would be impossible to name half of them. One little incident may be quoted as characteristic; Mlle. Bois exhibits a pretty nude child figure, *Petite Baigneuse*, supposed to be standing before the sea, but she is not content to leave it at that; a new sig-

nificance is given to it by the couplet engraved beneath it:

Et devant l'océan l'enfant tremble et
frémit,

Et devant l'Infini l'humanité recule.

One example among many of the wish of French sculptors to attach some poetic meaning to what might otherwise be regarded as a mere piece of modelling.

It is not worth while to pass the wicket to look at the sculpture in the New Salon: "that way madness lies"; it is a sort of sculptural Golgotha, where one may see legs, arms, and heads as separate exhibits. Let us go up the stairs to No. 1 Gallery, and see what the painters have to show us. There are two large decorative paintings in this room; one is M. J. P. Laurens's *Première Séance solennelle des Jeux floraux (3 Mai 1324)*, a subject which seems rather prominent this year; we have already seen the great fountain downstairs in commemoration of the event (which, by the way is there noted as "XV century"). M. Laurens's picture shows rows of spectators seated beneath a mass of trees outside the city walls, listening to some declamation from a personage on a platform in the foreground; it is painted with a dry *facture* which suggests the idea that it is intended for tapestry, though not quite decorative enough in composition for that method. The other work referred to is M. Gorguet's huge ceiling for a *Salle des Mariages*, of which neither the title ("Prairial") nor the treatment is very intelligible, but which is totally unsuited for a ceiling, in that it is a vertical or pyramidal composition, as if designed for an upright position; a ceiling painting should always be an all-round composition, not one with a base and an apex. Some French painters understand this very well, and have given fine examples of it; this one, *quâ* ceiling painting, is a

mistake. The only two other things of much interest in the large room are M. Didier-Pouget's two landscapes; rather too scenic, but with his usual extraordinary power of effect in the foregrounds. The English public are very fond of realism in landscape; one would like to see one of Didier-Pouget's landscapes at the Academy—it would create a sensation, at all events, in that respect.

There is a much larger proportion of comparatively uninteresting work among the pictures than among the sculpture; still, one can hunt up plenty of fine things out of the acreage of canvases. M. Paul Chabas repeats a motive he has used once or twice before, a young girl standing in shallow water, the centre incident in a large canvas; in this one, *Matinée de septembre*, he has aimed at a bright effect in the whole; the girl with her blonde head must nevertheless show darker than the background, so the lake and the mountains are all kept in a shimmering silver light. With the various nudes of which "après le bain" is the common denominator we need not trouble ourselves; but there are nude paintings which rise above the level of "ces machines-là," either by sheer splendor of execution, as in M. Guay's *Nu*, or by their decorative effect, as in M. Moulin's long low picture *Plein air: femme nue*, where the figure lies at length on a purple mantle, with a background of foliage and the gleam of an evening sky through the leaves. M. Aimé Morot is rather below himself in his small picture *Ephémère printemps*, where a nude lady with her back to the spectator studies her figure in the looking glass: a piece of trickery unworthy of so fine a painter. M. Saint-pierre brings the nude into the region of allegory with his figure of *Fortune* tiptoe on her wheel among the clouds, showering coinage from a cornucopia, while a lappet of wind-

blown drapery covers her eyes; there is a fine energy and "go" about it. Mlle. Rondenay brings us to the other extreme, the anti-poetical, of nude painting, in her *Baigneuses*, somewhat similar to that which was bought by the Government last year; she is no doubt a very powerful *plein-air* painter of the figure, but she tends to get coarse, not only in execution but in another sense; in London the picture would hardly be thought decent, and it is certainly not beautiful. Quite above all these is M. Lavergne's *Le Paradis perdu*; Adam and Eve, life-sized and painted in a very broad style of execution, seated in the foreground of a melancholy twilight landscape. The remarkable quality in this is the fine sense of unity of composition in the lines of the figures and the landscape, all of which fall together as one whole: it is in the true sense a picture, not a mere representation.

Among what may be called the subject pictures of the year M. Debat-Ponsan, who last year symbolized France as a white horse throwing over Napoléon, is again dealing with horses, but this time they are two material cavalry horses held by an orderly dragoon in the foreground while the officer uses his fieldglass; *Ceux qui veillent* is the title. M. Debat-Ponsan is always either patriotic or moral in his pictures, but it is always good painting. M. Tattegrain, too, is a versatile incident painter who seems able to handle every kind of subject with effect; this time it is a powerfully painted rocky coast scene, which gets its title *Sauveteurs d'épaves* (in other words, "wreckers") from the two unkempt wolfish figures who nearly tumble over each other down the foreground path in their hurry to hook in flotsam and jetsam on the beach. He has done more interesting pictures, but these two figures are unpleasantly real. Mme. Demont-Breton, who disap-

pointed us last year, is more like herself again with the figure of the old peasant woman, *L'Aïeule*, looking lovingly on her sleeping grandson; but I like her better at the seaside than inland. M. Henri Martin has what may be called a decorative painting in his *pointilliste* style, *Dévidentes*, two girls sitting on opposite ends of a rail, with a landscape behind them: a rather trivial subject to come from M. Martin. M. Roganeau has come rather near making a great picture in his large evening landscape *Le Soir à la Rivière*, with figures of women filling their waterpots out of the stream (a most unhygienic proceeding) and moving away with them; the figures are not quite interesting enough, but there is a large, calm serenity about the whole which is impressive. M. Joseph Ball, in *La Lectrice*, has forsaken that characterless type of his figures which Lady Blydenby approved of, and paints a young and old lady of strongly differentiated type; the accessories are painted with his usual power of execution, but the work is more frankly *genre* than has been usual with him.

Among pictures which have some special point of interest is M. Martens's experiment, in *Rayon de Soleil*, in producing an interior effect of light and color, with a seated nude figure, in an *ultra-pointilliste* method of execution; one would not like to see all pictures painted that way, but this one is very clever and effective. M. Montchablon has painted a ghastly picture of the rowing-deck of a galley, *La Chiourme*, that terrible tragedy of human beings reduced to machines which so stained the naval history of Rome and of Renaissance Italy. This, one may say, is one of the pictures painted to point a moral, or to make us realize something that once happened; which is not the real business of art, of course, nor of novel-writing, nor of drama. Nevertheless moral lessons have been power-

fully driven home both in novel and drama, and one does not see why painting may not be occasionally pressed into the same service. Though the French are so essentially artists, there are always some moral pictures in the Salon, some very good ones; M. Geoffroy's, for instance, *A l'hospice des enfants assistés: l'abandon d'un enfant*: a tragedy in humble life powerfully told; and another rather amusing example is M. Steck's *Le soir au bord du Legué*, a decorative picture for the Salle des Mariages at Saint-Brieuc. Here we have the happy result of marriage: the family group of the artisan, the artisan's wife, and their child, all enjoying a holiday on the heights above the river. Thus does a paternal Republic encourage its citizens with the spectacle of the joys of family life. Among other points in the Salon are M. Georges Leroux's painting of an evening dinner under the loggia of the Villa Medici, with the heavy masses of trees dark against the twilight sky (the figures are rather commonplace); the odd idea of Mlle. Bonnier of a triptych of *vêtements féminins: matin; après-midi; soir*—garments *et præterea nihil* (a lady to whom I mentioned this seemed exceedingly interested in the idea); and M. Mercié's portrait of a pretty child under the title *La Puce*, with a flea delicately painted on the frill of her dress—a rather unpleasing joke for a great artist to indulge in.

There are a great many fine portraits, among which M. Humbert's *Portrait de Mlle. N.* . . . is perhaps the finest example of perfectly balanced style in painting in the whole Salon; some of the best French portrait-painters over-accentuate the costume in their portraits of ladies, so that it becomes a picture of the lady's dress rather than of herself; M. Humbert never makes this mistake, he knows exactly where to stop. M. Lauth has an expressive portrait of

Mme. Marcelle Tinayre, the novelist; and M. Umbricht a charming one of his own daughter, in which he avoids the hardness of texture which some eminent French painters—M. Comerre, for instance—fall into in their over-finished productions. Important landscapes are not very numerous, but there are some very fine examples of that breadth of style which the best French landscape painters cultivate. French landscape would be thought by many English people coarse in style in comparison with much of ours; but the French do not paint pretty landscapes (except M. Biva, who in that way at least stands alone); they want the power and sweep of sunshine and shadow, as M. Ponchin gives it in his *Pine-trees at Carqueiranne* and his *Sunset after Rain at Venice*. A more perfect example of style and composition in landscape could hardly be found than *La Dune et le chêne vert* by M. Cablé, a worthy pupil of Harpignies; M. Couturaud (another pupil of Harpignies) has an exceptionally good winter landscape; MM. Quignon and Palézioux are both fine in their different styles. Among sea pictures there is a kind of pathos in M. Broquet's *La Trêve*, a wrecked coaster in shoal water, gently rocked by the sunlit morning sea where the storm had wrecked her overnight. And if you want to see storm on canvas, look at M. Lefort-Magniez' *Surpris par la Marée*, with its waste of white water and rack of ragged driving clouds; no exaggerated scenic effect here; it is Nature in one of her wildest aspects, painted with a power and truth that could hardly be surpassed.

There is not very much of interest in the New Salon; there is much that is preposterous. There is a good deal of beauty in M. Osbert's immense allegorical picture, *Le retour du jour*, in the staircase hall; more than in M. Aman-Jean's decorative picture, *Les*

Éléments, for the new Sorbonne, which is attractive neither in color nor composition. M. Aman-Jean has a great following at present; he has certainly made his own style, and, generally speaking, color is his strong point; but there is a kind of worsted-work texture in his painting which does very well for draperies, but gives a very unhappy appearance to the faces in his figures. M. Dagnan-Bouveret's *Marguerite au Sabat* is not very successful. M. Caro-Delville, in *Les présents de la Terre*, one of three decorative paintings for a house at Buenos Aires, has painted a very fine nude figure; few painters of the day can surpass him there. M. Béraud, in *Chemin de Croix*, once more introduces the figure of Christ in the midst of a crowd of modern figures. It was worth doing once; and his first picture of the kind, a good many years ago—Christ seated among the members of a fashionable club, with a Parisian lady of the *demi-monde* playing the part of Mary Magdalen at His feet—was a powerful work with a telling point in it; but the frequent repetition of the idea is futile and in questionable taste. A picture which is amusing without any such intention is M. Courtols' *Persée déliant Andromède*, where Perseus is obviously a bank manager who has forgotten to dress that morning; and one that is amusing of *malice prepense* is M. Guillaume's *L'Avis de la famille*, where a whole family, down to the little boy, bestow their opinions on the unfortunate painter of a picture of which we see the back: a bit of satire which many a painter will appreciate only too well.

There is little space left to speak of the Academy exhibition; but the size of the Burlington House exhibition, at all events, compared with the vast art-whirlpool of the Salon, is about in the same proportion; and those who may take the trouble to read this article

will probably see the Academy for themselves, while many of them will not see the Salon, and may be interested to know something of what is in it. Sculpture at the Royal Academy is by no means so important an element in the exhibition, proportionately, as it is at the Salon; for, as M. de L'Atelier did not scruple to say on his visit last year, our institution seemed to him to be an Academy of painting, with a little sculpture and architecture thrown in. Nevertheless, for some ten or fifteen years past the sculpture has generally been the strongest part of the Academy show. The manner in which English sculpture has advanced during the last twenty years or so, in spite of the poor encouragement which the art receives either from the Government or the public of this country, is enough to show how much sculptural talent there is among us, if only it could find scope and encouragement for its development. True, we have had sad losses; Harry Bates, a true genius, was cut off at an early age; and Onslow Ford has gone; and of another sculptor of genius, Mr. Gilbert, we hear no more now. But there are still sculptors among us; and the annual exhibition of the work of the Academy students, where sculpture nearly always makes the best appearance, indicates that there are others to come forward when they can get a chance. This year the sculpture is less satisfactory than usual, but in a sense which is not exactly the fault of the sculptors. There are too many portrait figures in costume, which are not the kind of thing that sculpture is really meant for; but these are commissions, and cannot be refused. Where the costume is of a broad and simple kind something sculptural can be made of it, as Mr. Drury shows in his statue of *Elizabeth Fry*, and Sir George Frampton in his group entitled *Protection*, part of a memorial to

Dr. Barnardo. It is the portrait statues of men in modern costume that are the difficulty, and there are too many of them this year. Even Mr. MacKenal's Gainsborough statue, where there is at least a better costume to the sculptor's hand than the modern coat and trousers, is not a satisfactory employment of sculpture; and in France Gainsborough would probably have been commemorated by a portrait bust on a stele, with a figure symbolical of his art grouped with it, whereby the whole difficulty of the costume is got rid of. But if the superiority of this method is suggested to English sculptors, they will reply (as one of them did in fact in my hearing) that they would be only too happy to adopt it, but that the English public will not have it; they will have the whole figure, realistic costume and all. Clearly, therefore, if English sculpture is to have the best opportunities, the public must first be taught to take more interest in sculpture, and to understand better what it means; and that is a long business.

Among the works which are really sculptural in style and subject, and aim at conveying a meaning beyond mere modelling, is Mr. Garbe's group of *The Magdalenes*, one standing, draped, looking down on her nude sister at her feet. What the artist exactly intended by this is not quite obvious, but there is a pathos about it which is to be felt nevertheless. Mr. Lucchesi's bronze group, *The Two Voices*, is also a work expressing an idea; and Mr. Gilbert Bayes' *Fountain of the Valkyrs*, with the Valkyrs on horses careering round it in a rather Donatello-like relief, is an exceedingly clever and effective piece of decorative work on a small scale; probably intended as a model to be carried out on a larger scale. If Mr. Bayes were in France he would probably get a State commission to carry this out for

some public place; but, alas! what chance is there of that in a country where money spent on art is officially considered to be a sinful waste of public funds? In the Lecture Room we find in Mr. Colton's *The River unto the Sea* a small but fine marble group of poetic significance; and Mr. Babb's life-size *Love and the Vestal* next to it is also a work expressing an idea, and very spirited in conception and execution; but it would require to be placed in a niche or on the front of a building, as there is nothing in the back view but the broad surface of the Vestal's cloak. Sculpture that is to stand in the open must be capable of being looked at all round. Mr. Reynolds-Stephens exhibits his talent for decorative work, in which figure and pedestal have an almost equal share in the design, in his bronze statuette portrait of a lady seated on an admirably designed pedestal in marble and various metals; the effect is a little disturbed by the very large and conspicuous pattern on the dress of the figure, which seems rather out of scale with the other details. This form of decorative work in various materials has not been much illustrated in English sculpture (though Onslow Ford did something with it), and after the great success which he made with his *Philip and Elizabeth*, Mr. Reynolds-Stephens is wise in developing this as his own special province. Mr. Trent's sketch model for a memorial to the late King, to be erected at Brighton, looks very well as a whole; this, besides some other works on a small scale, is exhibited in one of the picture galleries. But the Academy ought to do much more for sculpture than merely dotting about some small works in the picture galleries; sculpture wants another room, and ought to have one. If the large gallery were devoted to sculpture it would be no more than is just to the art, and that would do something to

correct the popular idea that "art" means "pictures."

A first general look through the picture galleries left the impression that one had been seeing a considerable number of highly finished paintings; many of them charming, no one of them great. But the proportion of pictures which are crude, commonplace, and uninteresting is certainly smaller at the Academy than at the Salon; of course the actual number of pictures is much less. On the other hand, one can find nothing so powerful as the best work at the Salon, more especially in two classes of work—nude figures and landscapes. Nude figures, in fact, seem almost entirely at a discount; English popular prejudice, perhaps, for one thing, is against them; and, when they are there, they are generally rather feeble productions, Mr. Tuke's male figures excepted. A great deal of English landscape-painting is beautiful in its way, Mr. Davis's pictures, for instance; but they look weak beside the Salon landscapes; and in some cases, too, there seems so little attempt at composition in English landscape; a remark which does not refer to Mr. Davis's pictures, still less to those of Sir Alfred East, whose landscapes have always a unity of conception, a look of building up, about them; indeed, in *A Tranquil River* he has perhaps too much sacrificed local color to unity of effect; *Under the Wold* is his strongest work this year. Mr. Arnesby Brown's *A Norfolk Landscape* is a vigorous work, especially in the treatment of the cattle in the foreground, but the distance is surely a little confused in effect. Mr. Gwelo Goodman strikes rather a new note in *The Walls of England*; the effect may be somewhat loaded and heavy, but it is the work of a painter who means something in his landscape, and is not merely painting a scene. Of course, in sea-painting, as long as we have Mr. Henry with

us, we may face the world; but the French, who used to be nowhere in sea-painting, are beginning to find out something about it, and may be formidable rivals before long.

Pictures which mainly deal with human life and character are not very strong this year. Abbey's *Education of Isabella the Catholic* (unfinished) offers a rather striking contrast between the face and manner of the young girl, evidently full of delight in life, and the ascetic figures who accompany her; that is the point of the picture, and it is forcibly illustrated. Sir L. Alma-Tadema has moved from his usual place in Gallery III. to Gallery I. where he confronts us with *Preparations: in the Coliseum*; the Imperial box being furnished with flowers and refreshments; the figure is of little interest, the whole picture consists in the marble and silver details, the mosaic-laid floor of the box-lobby, and the numbered seats for the populace rising in the background; but what is the construction of the balustrade separating the seats from the arena? It is rather puzzling, as it has always been said that the top member of the railing was a wooden round bar turning on a centre, lest peradventure some lion or tiger should get a clutch on the top rail. Of other contents of this room, Mr. Henry's sketch of a picnic in a forest is a fine piece of color, and Mr. Hacker may be congratulated on his *Imprisoned Spring*, where the sunlight pours into the room which the cottage girl cannot leave. Mr. Sims's *The Shower* is too absurd; it may be maintained that the object of a picture is to be a decorative scheme and not to represent an incident; but we do want some kind of meaning and coherence in it. The large pictures of the year are very doubtful; Mr. Gow's scene in the House of Commons, 2nd of March, 1628, does not impress one as real; Mrs. Knight's *The Flower* is exceedingly clever, but

who wants a picture of that size with absolutely no subject in it? Four figures against the sky doing nothing; though no doubt, like the House of Lords, "doing it very well." Mr. Wetherbee is charming in his *Butterflies*, a landscape with three figures in consentaneous movement down the ridge of the ground, in chase of the butterflies; that is not a subject picture, it is a painter's vision of a moment of delight, but its point is quite clear, and it is not, like Mrs. Knight's picture, too large for the subject. There are pictures in the Academy that make one wonder whether some painters ever think at all of what they are painting. Here is Mr. Waterhouse, who gives us *Penelope and the Suitors*; Penelope, a pretty, middle-class woman of five-and-twenty. Penelope was a middle-aged Princess with a grown-up son; the picture, under such a title, is absolutely ridiculous. If Mr. Beadle had been present when the "forlorn hope" rushed up to the breach of St. Sebastian, he would have found them something different in action and expression from this group of stage soldiers; and here is another gentleman who paints a picture of *Hunting in the Midlands*, from which one would gather that the practice in the Midlands is to ride over the hounds. I should like to hear the M.F.H. on that picture.

The strong point of the Academy exhibition is really the portraits. We have no M. Humbert, but Mr. J. J. Shannon is not much behind him, and two or three of his portraits of ladies here might vie with most of the French portraits, in regard to style and color. Mr. Orpen's portrait of a gentleman, in the second room, is exceedingly successful in making the head stand out light without the banality of a dark background; his portrait group in the third room is a very good example of his old method of portraiture, treating the sitter as a figure in the

centre of a room which forms part of the subject of the picture. I prefer the portrait simply as such myself; but Mr. Orpen's method is an interesting variation of method.

In short, we are saved by our portraits this year, in what would otherwise be a very weak exhibition. There is plenty of room for a new genius
The Nineteenth Century and After.

who would treat great subjects in a great manner. But we want the great subject as well as the great manner. The misfortune is that some people who can paint in something like a great style waste their talents on trivial subjects. Subject counts for something after all.

H. Heathcote Statham.

SANDERSON'S VENUS.

III.

It was essential, Sanderson decided, that Jubb should see the picture. He went nearly every day to the little shop in the Borgo, and exhausted all his persuasive powers in reiterated efforts to persuade the old man. The old man, whose name, as he presently discovered, was Giacinto Fontana, at last, though very reluctantly, consented to receive a visit from Jubb, but only on the conditions that the critic would write nothing about the picture without his permission, and that, if it passed from the hands of its present owner, it should neither be shown to any one in Italy nor exhibited publicly in any other country. Sanderson thought the conditions absurdly eccentric; their reason, he supposed, was that the old man still persisted in suspecting the picture to be a forgery, and was afraid of getting into trouble if the world at large happened to share his besotted opinion. Sanderson expatiated lengthily on the great Turkish oil test; the old man was politely interested but firmly sceptical. He remained so even when Jubb arrived to declare, without the least hesitation, that the picture was a genuine masterpiece by the *Alunno di Botticini*. Yet he was plainly anxious to sell it if he could be certain that the conditions which he imposed on the buyer would be observed.

The behavior of Jubb when he heard of the conditions was remarkable. He raved, he threatened, he cajoled; he proved that the suppression of a masterpiece was a wrong done to Italy; and for the unrestricted possession of the picture he offered a much larger sum than Fontana had asked. Fontana was invulnerable at every point, became sulky, hinted that he wished to keep the picture. "At least give me permission to show it to the world after your death!" Jubb had implored him, and he replied with a smile, "You would certainly murder me, signore; I should do the same were I in your position." In desperation Jubb threatened to reveal the existence of the Venus. His friend's rash promise, he asserted, couldn't be held to bind him. Fontana replied promptly that any move of the kind would result in the instant destruction of the picture, and he looked as if he meant it. Finally, Jubb flew into a rage, and went off vowing that he would never consent to so limited a kind of ownership.

He did not return to the little shop in the Borgo, and he managed to persuade Sanderson to refrain for three days from going there. Sanderson consoled himself with frequent visits to the Palazzo Montegrigio, but his soul yearned for the Venus, and one afternoon, when all Rome was flooded with sunshine and the scent of spring

flowers, he evaded Jubb and crossed the Ponte Sant' Angelo. When he reached Fontana's door he found it closed,—an unusual spectacle. He knocked: there was no answer; he knocked again, then turned the handle. The door was not locked, and he concluded that Fontana had only gone out for a moment. He entered, sat down, and began to look at the religious prints in primary colors. He longed to unpack the Venus, but felt that such an act, in the absence of its owner, would be illegitimate.

Five minutes passed, and Fontana did not appear. Sanderson wearied hugely of the religious prints, and began to inspect the pictures on the walls. Whilst he was thus employed he thought that he heard a slight sound beyond the inner door. It occurred to him then that Fontana was inside it and had not heard him knock. He hesitated for a moment, and then tapped the door gently. There was no sound from within. He tapped again, then he pushed the door. It yielded; he called Fontana by name and looked into the room.

For a moment he thought that either he was mad or that Fontana had played him a fantastic trick. In the centre of a long, light room that was hung, apparently, with all the greatest masterpieces of Italian art, sat a young girl in a plain black dress, mending a stocking. She raised her eyes when Sanderson entered and looked at him steadily. There was a certain surprise, but no alarm in her expression; she had the air of a queen who contemplates an awkward courtier,—an air neither of amusement nor of irritation but simply one of superb indifference. Her glance did not falter, though Sanderson stared at her for a full minute without speaking, open-mouthed, with the glare of an immense question in his eyes. His lips moved, but no sound issued from them. His heart was beat-

ing furiously. Surely, he thought, it was a dream, a hallucination! For the face of the girl with the stocking was the face of the Montegrigio Madonna and the face of the Venus. She had the same coils of yellow hair, the soaring throat, the slender hands. Sanderson gasped; a voice within him seemed to be saying: "What luck! if only it's not a dream, what wonderful, heavenly luck!"

He collected himself at last, and began to stammer out excuses for his intrusion. She smiled faintly (Sanderson nearly shouted when he saw her smile), rose from her chair, and replied that the fault was hers; she had heard him moving in the shop, but had imagined that it was her grandfather, who had gone to be shaved by the barber across the road. Her voice was low and soft, and made Sanderson feel that he had been bellowing. And always she contemplated him with those great gray eyes. Sanderson was young, tall, looked honest and kind, and was certainly unlike most of her neighbors in the Borgo. No doubt that she found a new type interesting. When he began to explain his identity she said, with a smile that was less faint than at first, that she had guessed him at once to be her grandfather's English friend. "One of them," corrected Sanderson, and she laughed, showing the two little rows of pearly teeth which the smile of the Venus revealed. "The other Englishman is not a friend," she explained, "but when my grandfather begins to speak of him he can say nothing, he can only laugh and laugh. If you will condescend to sit down, signore," she added, "I will go and tell him that you are here. He is fond, after he is shaved, of lecturing to the poor barber about pictures."

"Ah! pictures!" cried Sanderson. He was silent for a moment, then said: "Signorina, you have many beautiful pictures here."

Indeed, the walls were crowded with extraordinarily fine copies of immortal things: the Fornarina, the Gioconda, the Sacred and Profane Love, Julius the Second, and the great Botticellis of Florence. He was not in a condition at that moment to judge their merit dispassionately, but it seemed to him that placed side by side with the originals they would have deceived many experts. He had never imagined that the art of imitation could be raised to such an excellence.

"They are all by my grandfather," she said. "When he was young he painted a little, but afterwards he did nothing but copy. My father used to say that he knew all the secrets of the great masters. But surely, signore, they had no secrets? they were geniuses; that was all. My grandfather will never show these pictures to any one. He keeps them, he says, as furniture for me. He knows that I love them. It is very kind, for he is not rich."

In the whirling vortex of Sanderson's brain a singular idea was at that moment born. He stood there silently, looking from picture to picture, then he turned towards the girl. She, too, was looking at the pictures, and he was able to observe her profile. It was beautiful enough to engross him completely, but after an instant he saw something which made him forget it. The black dress exposed all her throat, and just where her neck curved to meet her shoulders was a small pink stain, like the fallen petal of a flower. . . .

IV.

Sanderson gave her no chance of going to summon her grandfather. They were still talking together when the old man entered ten minutes later. He uttered an abrupt exclamation when he caught sight of Sanderson's figure. Sanderson turned to meet him.

"I know," he said, "I'm a base intruder. I've behaved like a low-minded inquisitive tourist. You have every right to assassinate me or throw me out. But I believe the signorina will intercede for me, and at any rate," he added, looking significantly at the old man, "I've asked no questions."

The signorina smiled at her grandfather, and affirmed that the English stranger was *molto gentile*. The old man regarded Sanderson for some moments with raised eyebrows and a whimsically puckered mouth.

"Ah, signore, signore!" he murmured. Then he turned to the girl.

"Assunta mia," he said, patting her arm, "the signore and I have a certain affair to settle." Assunta nodded quickly, sent a smile to Sanderson, who made a profound bow, and disappeared through another door which she closed behind her.

The old man paced the room several times with his hands clasped behind his back. "Well, you have seen her, —my little Assunta," he said at last, confronting Sanderson, "though it was not my intention that you should do so."

"She is very beautiful," said Sanderson. "More beautiful, even, than I had expected." And he gazed at the old man with wonderfully innocent eyes. Fontana seemed to be puzzled.

"Than you expected," he repeated, in the tone of someone who learns a sentence by heart. "Than you expected. Then, my dear signore, you had heard of her?"

"No," Sanderson answered. "Not a word. I had only seen her portrait —the portrait, you know, which hangs in the *piano nobile* of the most excellent Prince Montegrigio."

"Ah!" cried Fontana. He paced the room again, turned up his hands to Heaven, inflated his chest, and smiled brilliantly at Sanderson.

"Is it not the most wonderful of all

coincidences,—a marvel, a miracle!" he cried. Sanderson contemplated him silently. His smile died suddenly; he approached the painter and waved an impressive finger. "A re-incarnation, even!" he said very solemnly.

"That would be interesting," said Sanderson. "But as a matter of fact it's nothing of the kind. The Prince's Madonna is only a very good portrait. I suppose it was painted when Signorina Assunta was about three years younger?"

The old man wagged his head sadly. "Then, signore, you refuse to believe in the coincidence?" he asked.

Sanderson nodded.

"I refuse," he said. "I might have believed in it—I never saw two more skilful imitations of the antique, but there is one thing which decides the question."

"And that?"

"You will excuse me from telling you."

"I insist, if you will permit me."

"You will be annoyed."

"I can promise the contrary."

"Well," said Sanderson, "it is the little rosy mark on the divine neck of the signorina."

"Ah!" said Fontana, blinking rapidly. He folded his arms, looked Sanderson up and down, and after a moment remarked, "This will be a sad affair for the Signor Djubb."

"It will kill him," Sanderson answered.

"But, after all, why should he be told?" said Fontana. "It is true that he will continue to write articles on the Montegrigio Madonna, and he will run up and down the beautiful land of Tuscany in search of other works by that very great unknown painter. Yet such things are happiness to him. Decidedly, he shall not be told. He shall never see Assunta."

Sanderson shook his head. "Sooner

or later they are certain to meet," he asserted.

"And why?" Fontana demanded. "An accident like that of to-day shall not occur again. I have had a warning; I shall guard the little one." (Assunta was a head taller than her grandfather.)

Sanderson frowned gloomily. "They will meet," he said. "And it will be rather awkward. I wish he had never seen that picture—the Venus, I mean. Of course the other doesn't matter."

"But you, too, have seen it, signore," said the old man. "I admire your delicacy. But Assunta need never know. I told her when I painted it that I would not sell it, but, unfortunately, I am not rich. Rather than strip her room I am prepared to part with it—under the conditions."

"Whether the signorina knows or not doesn't matter," said Sanderson. "The point is that Signor Jubb has seen the picture and will see the signorina."

The old man made wonderful gestures.

"But how, in the name of Heaven, how," he cried, "if I refuse to permit it?"

"The signorina will not be always in your power," said Sanderson.

"Because I shall die?" asked Fontana.

"Because," said Sanderson, "with her permission, and yours, I intend to marry the Signorina Assunta as soon as is decorous and convenient. And now," he added, "tell me all about your discovery of the Turkish oil process."

V.

A few days later, Simon Jubb was sitting in his room when Sanderson entered. He swung round in his chair, and seeing who his visitor was, rose quickly.

"I thought you were never coming," he said. "Well! have you any news?"

"I should think I have," answered Sanderson. He looked extremely pink, fresh, and cheerful. "The best of all possible news," he added, and smiled fatuously at Jubb, who was inclined to be irritable.

"What is it?" demanded the great critics. "Has that old rascal consented to sell the picture without those ridiculous conditions? It's all a trick to make us offer him a higher price."

"No," Sanderson answered. "He won't alter the conditions. And I'm afraid I'm obliged to tell you, Jubb, that he has given up the idea of selling the picture altogether. He finds that, after all, it's too precious to himself and to members of his family."

"His family," echoed Jubb. "I don't believe he has one! He's only trying to put up the price."

Sanderson smiled. "I am able to inform you," he said, "that he really has a small but increasing family. In fact, it is going to increase next week."

"Oh, one baby-in-arms can't make any difference," growled Jubb, biting a pen.

"There are other methods of increasing one's family circle," said Sanderson sweetly; "adoption, for instance, and marriage. It's no good, my dear fellow. You had better abandon all hope of ever possessing the Venus. Fontana is prepared to cut it into a thousand strips rather than let you have it."

"Then I shall appeal to the Italian Government," said Jubb. "I consider that Fontana's disgusting behavior has exonerated me from any promise that I may have been foolish enough to make. Anyhow, I would sacrifice my own honor rather than allow such a picture to be hidden away by an old miser."

"I suppose you're quite convinced that it is a genuine fifteenth-century thing?" asked Sanderson.

"I stake my whole reputation as a

critic on it," replied Jubb. "I don't profess to be infallible as regards æsthetic judgment, but there are certain mechanical tests which cannot be refuted. That, as you know, is where I come in. I've come in over this picture. It's my greatest find."

Sanderson did not trouble to remind him that he was not the true discoverer of the Venus. He was silent for a moment, then said: "I suppose you never have thought that you attached too much importance to the Turkish oil test?"

"Hardly!" said Jubb, looking at him with the eyes of a savage whose god has been outraged. "Hardly!" he repeated with terrible emphasis.

"Good!" said Sanderson. "By the way, old Fontana says that though you can't ever hope to possess the picture, he doesn't mind you writing about it."

"Very handsome of old Fontana," snorted Jubb. "I'll write about him, too, if he doesn't mend his ways. As a matter of fact, I've written about it already."

Sanderson looked alarmed. "You haven't published anything?" he asked quickly.

"No," said Jubb. "But it's all ready. I've only got to post it, and old Fontana 'll have all the rich amateurs in Italy buzzing round his wicked old head."

Sanderson spoke very seriously. "Listen," he said, "do me a favor. I ask you in your own interest. Don't post a line until—until you've seen me again." He looked at his watch. "Can you meet me on the Pincian at six this evening?" he demanded. "I will wait for you on the terrace above the Piazza del Popolo. After that you can post your article."

Jubb surveyed him with the eye of suspicion. "This is all very mysterious," he said. "If we weren't to meet on the Pincian I should suspect you of wishing to knife me and put me

in a sack. I'm inclined to believe that you want the picture yourself, and have found some means of getting it."

"Oh, dear, no!" said Sanderson blithely. "I don't want your old picture. I've got the original."

Jubb concluded that he was mad.

"The original!" he cried. "My good fool, do you imagine that this is a copy?"

"A most incomplete copy," said Sanderson. "Good-bye; don't forget; the Pincian at six." And he departed, whistling.

Jubb muttered inarticulate curses, for he was in a bad temper. He opened a drawer and took a little pile of manuscript from it. He read through the pages, occasionally altering a word and adding a footnote. When he had finished this task he wrote another page, pinned it to the end of the manuscript, and placed the whole in a large envelope, which he addressed, stamped, and put into his pocket. Then he took his hat and cane and went out.

The Pincian hill, as is usual shortly before sunset, was bright with flowers, frocks, and uniforms. A band was playing Puccini, and all the chairs near it were occupied. Jubb leant against the parapet watching the crowd with moody eyes, and wondering why Sanderson was late. He was well known in Rome, and many people bowed to him, but he did not approach any of the gracious ladies at whose parties he was accustomed to monopolize the artistic chatter.

At last he saw Sanderson threading his way through the crowd. Sanderson moved very slowly, and presently Jubb saw that he was not alone, but was accompanied by an old man who made difficult progress with the aid of two sticks. Jubb recognized the sinister personality of Fontana and ground his teeth. On the other side

of the old man walked a tall young girl of attractive aspect.

Jubb went towards them, raising his hat. Then he waved his envelope at Fontana. "It's no use protesting," he said. "It's all written, and it's going!" And he thrust the envelope back into his pocket. Exactly at the same moment his glance fell on the young girl. She was looking at him steadily with her grave, gray eyes. For a moment the Pincian seemed to reel like a volcano in eruption, the music of the band changed to a hideous blare, and the colors of the flowers and frocks whirled like the fragments of glass in a kaleidoscope. Then he realized that Sanderson was speaking.

"I'm so sorry we're late," he said. "I want to introduce you to my *fiancée*, the Signorina Assunta Fontana."

Jubb made a wild gesture with his hat towards the lady, who did not seem to observe his confusion and smiled,—smiled exactly as the Venus smiled. Jubb gasped, and rolled haggard eyes towards Sanderson and Fontana.

"What on earth—what does it mean?" he said feebly. And the horrible Sanderson laughed.

"It means that you mustn't post your article," he said. "It also means that we are the happiest people on the Pincian."

Old Fontana limped forward. "It also means, dear signore," he said, "that your painful toil is at an end. Our young friend here has discovered the original of the Montegrigio Madonna. After all, it was only a modern work. I hope that you will break the news gently to the poor Princess."

Jubb glared at him for a moment, then he muttered something which might have been congratulations but sounded like "Turkish oil," took off his hat once more, and almost ran for the steps of the Pincian. Friends who have seen him recently assert that he is far less insufferable during artistic

discussions than of old. Sanderson and Mrs. Sanderson live in Rome with old Fontana, but the little shop in the Borgo is vacant. Fontana paints no more pictures, and it is probable that the great Turkish oil secret will die

Blackwood's Magazine.

with him. The Montegrigio Madonna has again become a Botticelli, and is warmly admired by discriminating tourists. Mr. and Mrs. Sanderson have not the honor of knowing the Princess.

St. John Lucas.

THE BEWILDERER.

Somehow I always have shopping to do in the village. If it isn't a ball of string or a pencil or a postal order for one-and-six, it is pretty sure to be a shoehorn, stamps, vaseline or shaving soap. I suppose I never get my stuff in sufficient quantities; it can't be right that I should spend so great a part of my time buying footling little things like these.

However, I don't really mind buying things; what I do object to is having the weather expounded to me at length in every shop in succession. I wish they would leave it alone. The only way to be happy in our climate is to forget about it. I have tried cordially agreeing with them—but that only eggs them on. I have tried flatly contradicting them—a policy which must have borne fruit in time. Had I not found that it was making me unpopular and therefore abandoned it.

Then I embarked upon a more subtle method—a blend of the other two—calculated neither to irritate nor to encourage, but rather to bewilder. And here I found success.

I tried it on Mrs. Hughes (pencils) first. She said it was a beautiful day, wasn't it? . . . Nice to 'ave a look at the sun again. . . . And 'ow warm for the time of 'ear!

Yes, I replied, as if weighing my words, it certainly was a beautiful morning and very warm, oppressive indeed; and yet—I paused—at the same time there was something rather

bleak about it. Didn't Mrs. Hughes think so? Raw, you know.

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Hughes replied unblushingly; "but there—what can you expect?"

Then I tried Kemp (nail-brushes). He was still more ready to meet me half-way, for when he had drawn attention to the balmy nature of the morning and I had retorted that I fully agreed with him, but all the same I hoped we should have no *sleet*, he said he hoped so too, but that was the danger. He then tried to change the subject, but I wasn't finished with him yet. I told him that I had found it very close and sultry coming up the hill, and he said he didn't wonder at it. In his opinion it was a day to keep in the shade. "Quite so," said I; "and yet I noticed quite a *bitter* feeling in the air. Very bracing, of course!"

When I told Mrs. Lane (luggage labels) that it was long since we had had such a sweltering, *biting* day she retorted that that was exactly what she had said to Lane. She had "passed the very remark." That made me feel that I wasn't making much headway. All the same the cure has taken effect. After persevering for two or three days I began to notice a change, and by now Mrs. Hughes will studiously avoid mentioning a thunderstorm that is raging at the very moment of my entrance, Kemp talks glibly about the cricket match of the previous Saturday or the Government "up in London," and

Mrs. Lane serves me in smiling silence.

I am beginning to think that much may be done by elaborating and extending the system. Already I have enjoyed further successes. I was travelling one day alone in a third-class *coupé*. I was determined to keep the carriage to myself, partly because I had my feet up, partly because I wanted to smoke (and it was not a smoker), but chiefly because I always want to keep things to myself. Everyone does. At the first stop the huge form of a woman with a massive basket appeared in the open doorway and began to heave itself on to the step. I leant towards her.

"Excuse me," I said confidentially, diffidently, "I suppose you didn't notice, but as a matter of fact"—I waved my hand in an explanatory manner—"this is a *coupé*! I am very sorry."

Punch.

"Oh, I beg pardon, Sir," she replied, and departed covered with confusion.

But I regard as a still greater success the time when I was caught trespassing by a most unpleasant looking man with a dog.

"Look 'ere!" he shouted truculently, as he came up to me brandishing a stick. "Are you aware that this is private property?"

I assumed my gentle, explanatory, expostulatory voice, which always commands attention.

"Yes, certainly," I said, "I know very well that it is private property"—and I smiled very sweetly upon him—"But then I am a private individual."

He looked at me sternly for a moment.

"W'y didn' you tell me that before?" he demanded, and went his way.

THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL.

Lord Lilac thought it rather rotten
That Shakespeare should be quite forgotten.
And therefore got on a Committee
With several chaps out of the city
And Shorter and Sir Herbert Tree,
Lord Rothschild and Lord Rosebery
And F.C.G. and Comyns Carr,
Two dukes and a dramatic star,
Also a clergyman, now dead;
And while the vain world careless sped
Unheeding the heroic name—
The souls most fed with Shakespeare's flame
Still sat unconquered in a ring,
Remembering him like anything.

Lord Lilac did not long remain
Lord Lilac did not come again.
He softly lit a cigarette
And sought some other social set
Where, in some other knots or rings,
People were doing cultured things,
—Miss Zwillt's Humane Vivarium—

—The little men that paint on gum—
 —The exquisite Gorilla Girl—
 He sometimes, in this giddy whirl,
 (Not being really bad at heart)
 Remembered Shakespeare with a start—
 But not with that grand constancy
 Of Clement Shorter, Herbert Tree,
 Lord Rosebery and Comyns Carr
 And all the other names there are;
 Who stuck like limpets to the spot,
 Lest they forgot, lest they forgot.

Lord Lilac was of slighter stuff;
 Lord Lilac had had quite enough.

The Eye-Witness.

G. K. Chesterton.

THE AMERICAN POLITICAL SITUATION. THE REAL FIGHT IN AMERICA.

So far as tactics are concerned, the break away of Mr. Roosevelt from Republicanism and the announcement of his new National Progressive Party ought to have greatly eased the task before the Democratic Convention at Baltimore. Mr. Roosevelt makes his appeal to "Republicans and Democrats alike in the name of our common American citizenship." His revolt against the denomination of machine politicians on the one hand, and dishonest wealth upon the other, and his demand that the common people shall be the court of final appeal in matters of government, are in themselves calculated to appeal at least as powerfully to the radical wing of the Democratic Party as to the insurgent Republicans. The clash alike of personalities and of policies within the Democratic Party, though less dramatic than in the Republican, is quite as real. There is very little else than party loyalty to hold together the white Southern aristocracy, Tammany, and the democracy of the West. So long as any remnant of the old antagonism of principle surviving from the struggles for State rights

could be warmed up for electioneering purposes, party solidarity remained almost automatic, divergence upon the Tariff helping to furnish a business basis for party opposition. But there is now no serious pretence that these historic issues furnish a true dividing line. The difference between the orthodox Republican and the orthodox Democratic tariff policy, though substantial, is not really vital. Tariff for revenue only, if attainable, would be very far removed from Free Trade in a country as yet disabled by its constitution and traditions from any adequate system of direct federal taxation.

The really urgent issues of American Government have no relations to the principles, the traditions, or the social composition of the two great parties. They are issues ripened rapidly since the Civil War by the swift industrial development of America under conditions which have made federal, state, and municipal politics highly profitable instruments in the hands of skilful, ambitious, and unscrupulous groups of business men. In the course of two

generations, the land of freedom and of equal opportunities has been converted into a land of economic privileges, conferred and sustained by the arts of political management. Railroads, lumber companies, great manufacturing and commercial combines, the concentrated power of finance, have reduced the effective liberties of the common people, absorbing more and more the possession and control of the raw resources of the land, and restraining competition in the manufacturing, transport, and marketing processes so as to present the most conspicuous example of plutocracy the world has ever seen. For the pursuance of these business purposes, politics in every one of its departments, legislative, administrative, and judicial, has been a necessary tool. Tariffs must be built as feeders to Trusts; these, again, must be protected against taxation and against vexatious restrictions of the law; factory legislation, employers' liability, and all interferences with the liberty of contract by which wealthy corporations can coerce weak competitors or working men must be kept off the Statute Books, or, if admitted, must be nullified by administration that is sympathetic with business interests. All these and other related needs of plutocracy have obliged business men to keep a firm hold upon the two party machines. The normal superiority of Republicanism has made most men of wealth and most powerful corporations adherents of that party, so much so that the Democrats have utilized for electioneering purposes the pretence that their machine is a free instrument for the realization of the popular will. The history of Mr. Cleveland's two Administrations and the general conduct of the party in Congress, however, give no real support to that interpretation. The utmost that could be said for the Democratic Party has been that its formal professions

The Nation.

upon such issues as Tariff and Trusts have been somewhat more advanced, though hardly more practical than those of the Republicans.

The general accuracy of this diagnosis is borne out in the common cleavage seen in the two conventions. The real fight in America to-day is between the conservation of powerful vested interests and the struggling aspirations of a people nourished upon principles of freedom and of progress which they find themselves unable to realize in practice. Their federal constitution is utterly inadequate to the main purposes of modern government, the realization of the popular will which it intended to provide has been nullified by the machine politicians, and all endeavors to curb these abuses have been frustrated. The clear perception of the truth that a fresh alignment of parties is needed to correspond with the fundamental needs of modern politics has been struggling into consciousness in the rank and file of both parties. The tactics of the politicians of both parties have consisted in attempts to suppress this truth, and to maintain the sham fight which furnishes their profession and their livelihood. Mr. Roosevelt has at least had the courage to set up the standard of revolt, failing to break the power of the "bosses" in his party. If Mr. Roosevelt's past record of achievement gave reason to suppose that he is in reality the Moses his followers proclaim him, we should regret a Democratic nomination which might diminish his chance of success. But, as matters actually stand, the nomination of an advanced and earnest Democrat, strong enough to bear down, and able enough to outwit, the obstructionists of his party, may be as likely to serve the early ends of progress as to place a new lease of power into the hands of the hottest-headed man who has ever undertaken the guidance of a great Republic.

THE PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES.

So far as can be seen, the Chicago Convention ended disastrously for Mr. Roosevelt. The "Bull Moose" had left no stone unturned to oust his old friend from the customary nomination. When he feared that his efforts would be unsuccessful he took the unprecedented step of travelling to Chicago in order to canvass and speak for himself. As the proceedings dragged on, however, and the charges of theft and fraud were disproved, his followers became disheartened, and some of the Taft delegates informed an English journalist that Mr. Roosevelt was "squealing." He knew the rules of the game when he threw his hat into the ring, and should have taken his beating like a man. After all, it was his own machine, and the only complaint a Roosevelt boss could fairly make against it was that of the negro delegate, who cried out towards the end that the steam-roller was "exceeding the speed limit." One delicious passage in a long telegram from the *Daily Telegraph's* correspondent published last Saturday deserves to be put on record as the journalistic gem of the Chicago Convention:—

The Colonel's rage, according to all accounts, was unspeakable. He realized yesterday morning that he was like a grizzly bear snared and trapped, and unable to escape his captors unless he chewed off his leg. The Republican party machine, which grinds slowly but very surely, was in no hurry to complete the killing. The Taftites dallied all yesterday, nominally engaged in examining cases of contested delegates, hearing evidence, and so forth, but really pursuing the well-worn tactics of harassing and exhausting the enemy. They believed that by allowing the grizzly to stay in the trap all day and all night he would fret, fume, and roar himself into a more quiescent state, and by breakfast time to-day would be prepared to eat once again

from the hands of the officials of the Republican party.

On Saturday, when the President was renominated, with Mr. Sherman as Vice-President, the 451 delegates in the Convention were a beaten and disheartened lot. The Colonel, who had been working night and day for weeks, and perhaps for months, in order to induce the Republican Convention to nominate him, discovered at the last minute that it would be a disgrace and a dishonor to be nominated by such a body. Accordingly, he asked his delegates to refuse to vote on the Selection ticket, in order that they might be ready to "bolt" when required. But only 344 took this advice, and the ballot resulted as follows:—

For Mr. Taft	561
For Mr. Roosevelt.....	107
For Mr. La Follette	41
For Mr. Cummins.....	17
For Mr. Hughes.....	2

An hour afterwards the "bolt" took place, but several of his most respectable and influential supporters—Governor Hadley, of Missouri, Senator Borah, of Idaho, and Senator Bristow, of Kansas—took no part in the affair. However, there was a good crowd in the hall to which the Roosevelt delegates "bolted"; a new party, called the National Progressives, was formed, or is supposed to have been formed, and Mr. Roosevelt accepted the irregular nomination which was tendered to him. The Bull Moose party is its nickname, and if this rump convention does not satisfy Mr. Roosevelt, he may try to convene a larger meeting in August, perhaps in Denver.

The Democratic Convention at Baltimore opened with a split between Progressives and Conservatives, which was superficially not unlike the struggle between the adherents of Roosevelt and Taft at Chicago. But, although

The American Political Situation.

some of the Rooseveltians had no doubt persuaded themselves that their leader was actuated by something better than greed for office and power, the battle was so obviously a personal one—accompanied by so much hitting below the belt and such an odious display of vulgarity and self-advertisement—that it could not make any appeal to the higher instincts of the nation. The real question of the day in the United States is the cost of living, and the real contest is the contest between Protection and Free-trade, or between the protected Trusts and the suffering consumers. The nomination and election of Judge Parker as Chairman elicited a strong protest from Mr. Bryan against reactionary policies, and Mr. Roosevelt's busy friends in the Press contrived to spread a rumor that Mr. Bryan would bolt like Mr. Roosevelt, and would eventually co-operate with him in the formation of a new Progressive party. The wish, no doubt, was father to the thought. But the atmosphere of Baltimore was utterly different from the atmosphere of Chicago, and Mr. Bryan, with all his faults, has a certain simple loyalty to both principle and party which has not been consumed in the devouring flames of a personal vanity. Judge Parker and all the leaders at Baltimore soon showed that they meant to work for conciliation, and the spirit of the Convention was the spirit of a party long out of office, animated by a confident hope of victory, with an honest policy

The Economist.

for reducing the cost of living, and a general resolve to unite upon a champion who would bring that policy about. By electing Senator James to preside over the National Democratic Committee the leaders of the Convention put an end to the difficulties created by the nomination of Judge Parker. The Senator's speech was by all accounts a tremendous success. He contrasted the distracted and divided state of the Republican party with the unity and harmony of the Democrats. The Republicans by their action had confessed the failure of the President, and had exposed his unfaithfulness to the cause of the masses. The abominations of the tariff were the keynote of this speech, and the cry of a tariff for revenue only, with enormous reductions all round, will be the battlecry of the Democratic party in the election campaign. The tax upon woollen goods was picked out by Senator James as the most indefensible of all the taxes, and it looks as if President Taft's action in refusing to sign the Bill passed by Congress for the reduction of the woollen tariff will prove (as we thought it would at the time) the most disastrous of all his mistakes. The correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* states, after conversation with leading Democrat officials, that the party will make its fight before the country on a tariff for revenue only and will thus conciliate the masses, who hope by tariff legislation to secure a reduction in the cost of living.

PARTY PROSPECTS IN AMERICA.

Mr. Roosevelt has bolted, but how far will he run? or, rather, how far will he induce his followers to go? As his insatiable egoism knows no limits, it is impossible to anticipate where the bounds of his secession may ulti-

mately be fixed. With all his impetuosity, "the Colonel" is as "slim" as all the Bosses put together, and we may be sure that he will go in the direction where he believes popular support awaits him. When we remem-

ber the strictness of party ties in the United States, it is strange that he should have received as many votes as he did; still the Roosevelt legend has sustained a rude shock. The defeat in the Convention may be like O'Connell's check at Clontarf, and the reputation of this master of mobs may never recover. At all events, party discipline proves to be a much tougher bond than was imagined. More than one hundred and thirty of the pledged Roosevelt delegates at the Convention refused to obey his orders. This shows that though Mr. Roosevelt may break up his party he will not rush the majority along the road he marks out. He may give the Presidency to the Democrats, but he will not carry it for himself with Republican votes. There is a story current in America, and told here, we believe, by Mr. Smalley, too apposite to omit. "Father," said Mr. Roosevelt's son, "must always be in it. When he is at a wedding he wants to be the bride, when he is at a funeral he wants to be the corpse." At the funeral of the Republican régime he bids fair to provide the *pièce de résistance*.

Not long ago in this Review an excellent book by Mr. Maurice Low was noticed, in which the writer pointed out the dangerous tendency to defiance of the law patent throughout the United States. Mr. Roosevelt is typically American in setting up as a law to himself. When anyone else is in authority he is impatient till he takes his place. No doubt he genuinely believes that he alone can save his party and his country, but to the ordinary man he appears to have violated all the traditions of friendship and decorum. It would indeed be impossible to imagine, even in an age of grotesque self-advertisement, anything more disgusting than the corybantic ravings of this ex-Chief Magistrate of a great State during the last month. We wonder

what the European potentates and statesmen who bowed down before this super-advertiser think of it all! They worshipped him because they thought he represented the American people, but he does not even represent the Republican party. He was taken for Cæsar, but he turns out to be at the best nothing but a Cleon manqué. The world, even though so ready to take the pushful at their own value, is beginning to ask what substance there was in all the verbosity of those interminable harangues. One thing is clear—that when in office the Reformer was ready enough to accept the help of the Bosses and their organizations when he desired a victory at the polls.

Whatever line the Democrats may take up, in Mr. Roosevelt's programme we find Radicalism enough and a grave threat to the stability of the Constitution. The principal items appear to be women's suffrage, the direct election of Senators, the restoration to the people of control over the Government, now fallen into the hands of a minority (whatever that may mean), the choice of Presidential candidates by direct primary elections, and the "recall" of judges and their decisions. There is also to be a reform of the tariff at the hands of an expert Commission. This last item is studiously vague. If the American people accepts this programme or anything like it, and puts Mr. Roosevelt at the White House to carry it through, the American Constitution, as we have understood it, will disappear, and in its place we shall have a plebiscitary Cæsarism. This would be entirely in accordance with Mr. Roosevelt's manner of comporting himself when in power. His talk was habitually of "my policy, my ministers," and so on. And this undoubtedly impressed European opinion till it believed that Mr. Roosevelt really was America. His avowed policy of fur-

ther curtailing States' rights and exalting the judicial power all tends in the same direction.

But does the man of American opinion really desire this evolution and the complete break-up of parties? We doubt it altogether, and anticipate a Democratic victory, unless there should be some gross blunder in tactics. But the important question for the rest of the world is, What will be the attitude of a Democratic President to the problems of policy which concern the world and not merely America? The answer must be purely speculative at present, for it is fifteen years since a Democratic President held the reins, but the Democratic party have throughout shown themselves to be anti-imperialist. They disliked the acquisition of the Philippines, and probably very few people in the United States at the present time are really glad that the islands were acquired, or take much pride in their possession. This question may solve itself before long for the United States may find an opportunity of ridding themselves for value received of a dependency which they value little and have made no great success in governing. As to Cuba, it would hardly be possible for the least Jingo of Presidents to ease himself of that burden. It is too near to the Panama Canal route. But to the whole McKinley foreign policy, of which Cuba and Porto Rico are the concrete expression, Mr. Bryan and his friends were, and we suppose are, resolutely opposed. It is not possible to anticipate any modification in the policy of fortifying the Panama Canal, approved and prosecuted by President Taft. It is true that we tacitly abandoned our opposition by the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty. But the proposed preferential treatment of American vessels is a clear violation of treaty provisions. We can hardly, however,

The Saturday Review.

expect the Democrats to become purists in international morality when its violation would prove so profitable. Neither Mr. Bryan nor any other Democratic President would be so oblivious of his own interests or the prospects of a Second Term as to rouse national feeling against himself and his party by neglecting any question in which national honor or interest was imagined to be specially involved. The Panama Canal is one of these questions, the Monroe Doctrine is another, Japanese immigration is a third. We do not think that the Democrats would modify in such matters the policy of the Republicans. Nor is policy towards this country likely to change. We have never affected to believe that Republicans were swayed by sentiment in their dealings with us; no more would be the Democrats. Under either the German and the Irish vote have to be manipulated, and the incident of President Cleveland and Venezuela is difficult to forget.

The big-stick so blatantly brandished by the ex-President will hardly be found in the hands of any Democrat, and we doubt if he would prove the author of another Panama-Columbia coup. But the most important question for England is, Will a Democratic President continue a series of great shipbuilding programmes? Such a policy would be entirely contrary to Democratic tradition, nor would it tend towards tariff reduction, which is the one unalterable item of a Democratic platform. A Democratic President, however much his principles might require it, will hardly resist the pressure of opinion in the direction of national self-assertion. The isolation of the United States in international questions is gone, and in this matter Democrats cannot differ much from Republicans, though expenditure on armaments may be reduced.

DR. WOODROW WILSON'S TASK.

The expected has happened at the Democratic Convention at Baltimore. The secession of insurgent Republicans at Chicago under Mr. Roosevelt made the nomination of a Radical Democrat a matter of plain party necessity. After a prolonged measurement of forces, Dr. Woodrow Wilson was chosen. Though less widely known throughout the country than Mr. Bryan, he enjoys many advantages. In the first place, he has risen rapidly to fame, and leaves no record of political failure and discarded projects behind him. His brilliant reputation as a scholar and the ex-President of a leading University, though serving to recommend him to cultured Americans, is of dubious electioneering value. The "plain people" in America have always been shy of the occasional intrusions of men of academic distinction into practical politics. Though college presidents are in great request as intellectual consultants on all sorts of public occasions, they have generally been regarded as "kid-glove politicians," unfit for the rough and tumble of hard practical affairs. Since quitting Princeton for the Governorship of New Jersey, Dr. Wilson, however, has shown himself made of stuff which even the most professional of machine politicians have learned to respect. He has made his mark for sagacity and force of character by crushing and outwitting the corruptest gang of bosses and boodlers in a State which enjoys the most unsavory reputation in the Union. Of his personal platform upon federal politics, little detailed knowledge is abroad. Though recognized as belonging to the Radical wing, he has never committed himself to the wilder proposals upon finance and railroads which have formed the staple of Mr. Bryan's oratory, and is therefore more likely to retain the un-

broken allegiance of the party for the three-cornered fight, which ought, upon the present setting of the chances, to lead him to victory next November.

On issues of constitutional reform, which Mr. Roosevelt has so far thrust into the forefront of his campaign, Dr. Wilson has hitherto expressed himself with moderation. His advocacy of such measures as the referendum and initiative and the recall has been far more discriminating than Mr. Roosevelt's. It seems tolerably clear that now that the game is set out, the latter will force the running upon lines of bolder Radical doctrine than any yet indicated. For no success can seem possible for him unless he can detach from the democratic camp large sections of voters for whom the "radicalism" of Dr. Wilson is too tame. His personal following among Republicans is doubtless far stronger than Mr. Taft's in the West and Mid-West, and he may take over the regular Republican machine in some of these States. But his only real chance lies in welding into a temporary union all the forces of social discontent by persuading them that he is the political Messiah they have so long been waiting for—the heaven-sent leader who shall restore to the people the powers of government which the politicians and their paymasters have stolen from them, and which they now most urgently require for the salvation of the commonwealth. He must angle for the confidence of the large numbers of Labor men and Socialists and disillusioned Democrats, who were able eighteen years ago to muster a voting force of nearly two millions under the title of a People's Party. These ultra-radicals he must drive in the same team with the timid respectables who form citizen leagues, and the essentially con-

servative farmers who have stood firmly round him since his rough-rider days. To this difficult task Mr. Roosevelt brings unbounded self-confidence and the enthusiasm this engenders, a genius for sounding moral platitudes and for dramatic tactics. But these qualifications of a preliminary campaign will not suffice to secure for him success next November. Unless he can devise a bolder policy for dealing with the concrete problems which underlie the seething discontent of the American workers than he has yet disclosed, he cannot pit his new Progressive Party against the regular machines with any prospect of victory. A mere appeal against the corrupt tyranny of machines and bosses will never succeed, for his new party will speedily degenerate into a new machine, and he has all the instincts and talents of a boss. At the roots of American discontent lie the Trusts, the Railways, the Money Power, and the Tariff, four interrelated sources of tyranny and plunder. Mr. Roosevelt's only chance is to develop so drastic a federal policy for dealing with these grievances as to place, not only Mr. Taft, but Dr. Wilson, in the category of Conservatives.

Whether he is prepared for such a revolutionary design remains to be seen. The Democratic Platform, as formulated at Baltimore, is conservative enough, throwing its main stress upon a Tariff for revenue, and dealing with trusts and monetary reform in terms of studied vagueness. But, as the fight proceeds, Dr. Wilson will, of course, develop his own proposals. The real difficulty of Radical Democracy lies in the sentiments and traditions of State rights which still cling round the party. Though even Conservative Democrats, like Mr. Cleveland, make large concessions to the centralizing

The Nation.

forces of national life, any proposal to cede to the Federal authority concrete powers of legislation, administration, or taxation hitherto wielded by the several States is liable to arouse strong opposition. Yet some encroachments on State rights, some positive enlargements of Federal power, are indispensable to a really radical process of reform. The power of Trusts cannot be curbed or broken so long as they can crouch behind the protecting aegis of State Charters. The nationalization of Railways, the policy which must soon emerge from the half-way house of Federal control, is impracticable without a cession of existing State powers. A drastic and effectual handling of currency and banking, so as to give substance to the misnomer of a National Bank, and to protect the currency and credit of the country from the risks and shocks of warring or combining groups of financiers, demands a strongly centralized control from Washington. Finally, Tariff for Revenue will never secure for the American people the advantages of free imports, or rid them of the tariff-bred monopolies, until a Federal policy of direct taxation is constitutionally feasible, so as to yield the growing National Revenue that is needed. If Dr. Wilson desires to make the Democratic Party the instrument of a national policy which shall place the United States in the front of political civilization, instead of in the rear, he must rally the solid party, including the hitherto Conservative South, round a programme which will jettison the orthodox Democratic conceptions of State rights. It is the manifest strategy for Mr. Roosevelt to force this supreme test of Radicalism upon the Democratic nominee, and if his Progressive Party means business, we may look for roof-lifting proposals at its August Convention.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

A remarkably sensible book on "Buddhism" written by Mrs. Rhys Davids has been added to The Home University Library. Without going thoroughly into the myths that surround Siddhattha Gotama, she accepts as real the birth and life of that noble and adds that Buddhism undoubtedly follows the original lines in the thinking of that marvellous teacher. She then goes on to study the Buddhist Dhamma, interpreted as a doctrine of the Norm and reaches a high degree of clearness in handling that mystic subject. The great contribution of the book to scholarship is its dealing with only the most ancient sources and its clarity of thought and expression. Henry Holt & Co.

Dr. A. A. Berle, with all that zest so characteristic of the man, attacks the present-day school-system as practised in America. His book is named "The School in the Home"; but the title gives but little hint of the contents. The German and French—particularly the German schools—he finds ideal, wonderful, ever-to-be-copied. After showing how little the American child learns in all the years of his training before College, he goes on to the really formative work he has in hand. The author managed to send a son to Harvard at thirteen and the boy still takes honor-roll at the end of two years. He tells the reader how he accomplished this wonderful work; for his boy is no prodigy or freak, he is very certain about that. The process is simple, practical and alluring. Moffat, Yard & Co.

A peep at the Trusts from the inside is given to the world in a racy narrative by Charles Norman Fay, called

"Big Business and Government." The writer was for fourteen years the head of different public service corporations, in and about Chicago, so has had an admirable opportunity for observation. He improved it. Not that everyone will agree, chapter after chapter, with so rosy a view of trusts; that cannot be expected. But a man of clear insight has arisen among all the terrified prophets of to-day to declare, not that trusts are in business for the good of the people, but that the mighty corporations have begun to understand that a steady business with moderately large returns is safer and more remunerative in the end than extortion and jobbery. He has a sharp word for legislative blackmailing of these unwieldy trusts. All the great companies pass under intelligent review, the book being candid and constructive rather than partisan. Moffat, Yard and Company.

"Patriotic Plays and Pageants for Young People" by Constance D'Arcy Mackay meets a distinct demand. The new emphasis on dramatic expression in education finds fitting exposition in these three pageants and they seem to fulfil every requirement for successful presentation. All of them have been produced by social settlements or schools, and the results are shown in the careful directions for staging, scenery and costuming. The characters are suited to the development of boy and girl players and the well-imagined incidents are all taken from the youth of various patriots. Several one-act plays, parts of the pageants, can be used separately. The action is kept simple and the stage effects easily grasped; every opportunity is provided for processions, dances and tableaux. The book is notably complete as a

working guide, but it also reads well and does not lack literary form. Henry Holt Co.

A brilliant young woman from New York, adventurously travelling alone in Asia, is deserted and set upon by her own Mohammedan servants in the first chapter of "A Goodly Fellowship," by Rachel Capen Schaffler. The note thus pitched is maintained in a novel of thoroughly interesting adventure in that troubled and troublous nation, Persia. The heroine is rescued by a blunt, straightforward and distinctly temperamental young missionary, and sheltered in the missionary settlement for the whole winter. She is obliged to stay in the interior. What she learns of modern life on the far outworks of civilization, the sort of people its devotees are, and in particular the development of love between herself and Thorley Prescott, her rescuer, is all most simply and convincingly told. The background of Persian native life is of particular interest just now, and Miss Schaffler knows the country and the people well. The book is not an apologia for missions, but it will make belief in the usual thoughtless platitudes against missionary work quite impossible among its readers. For a first novel it is remarkably well put together, and the style is excellent. The Macmillan Co.

In "Manalive," Gilbert K. Chesterton has combined his two characteristic specialties, the detective story and the paradox. The novel, if it can be called a novel, begins with the extraordinary antics of a madman who suddenly comes to stay in an every-day boarding-house. The surprising result of this "Innocent Smith's" performances, is an amazing quickening in all his fellow-boarders of the real springs of life. When it comes to the point, however, of his shooting at a distin-

guished physician and in a bizarre costume eloping with a certain Miss Gray, the boarders rise up, and investigate, detaining Mr. Smith meanwhile. The result of their research is a series of letters from all over the world, detailing various contretemps with this same Smith. For example, he had forced a college don who had "expressed a preference for non-existence" into a loud confession of a love of life by driving him out upon a perilous flying buttress and shooting carefully all about him. At the end, the whole fabric of madness is rationalized into the completest commonsense, and as a final proof, the book closes with the instinctively keen observations of a woman. The book is an elaborately consistent bit of theorizing, distinctly stimulating. John Lane Co.

The interesting character-study begun by J. D. Beresford in "The Early History of Jacob Stahl," is continued in his most recent book, "A Candidate for Truth." We follow the career of Jacob Stahl as he comes under various new influences and strives to find his real vocation through a number of different occupations. The keynote of this volume is a quotation taken from Emerson's Essay on Intellect which begins, "God offers to every mind its choice between truth and repose. Take which you please—you can never have both." Jacob is a "candidate for truth," according to Emerson, in that he submits to the "inconvenience of suspense and imperfect opinion," and "respects the highest law of his being." A more searchingly accurate psychological novel would be hard to find. So truly does Mr. Beresford understand human nature that although Jacob seems an unusual person, every reader, in some degree, identifies his own problems and moments of indecision with those of this strange hero. A rarely drawn character is Cecil Bar-

ker, Vicar of St. Marks, "a gambler in souls." Jacob's encounter with the Vicar and his failure to impress this "fisher of men," as a catch worth saving, is one of the cleverest situations in recent literature. The book is genuinely absorbing, and the footnote at the end which promises a continuation of Jacob Stahl's affairs in another volume is most welcome. Little, Brown and Co.

"The Golightlys, Father and Son" by Laurence North, is a story of competition and struggle in the world of English journalism. Potiphar Golightly is a self-made man who advances steadily by methods the integrity of which he does not stop to question; indeed he is burdened by no conscientious scruples whatever. Just at the pinnacle of his success, when the magazines and papers which he has originated and owned are bringing in great wealth, a discharged editor devises a scheme which gradually proves the downfall of Golightly's establishment. There is a domestic tragedy of the sort which does not come all at once, but which grows subtly and secretly. The heir of the Golightlys is a dilettante with no strength of purpose or character. His failure to come to his father's aid, and the identity of the chief enemy of Golightly, are blows which hasten the complete destruction of this man, who is wonderful in some respects. Life as depicted in this book, is surely hard; with few redeeming features. There is but one character who is thoroughly true and good, the Dean of Craven College. Of the modern English psychological school the novel is searchingly realistic, although more rapid in action than most of its class. It gives an admirable portrait of an unscrupulous business man, and the other characterizations are clever and life-like. George H. Doran Company.

"The Loss of the SS. Titanic," by Laurence Beesley is a careful, detailed narrative of that disaster that as history written by an eye-witness, as the report of a trained and observant mind, and as a spur and suggestion to reforming action has more than justification for existence. It is no harrowing tale of horrors, although the very restraint of the author's manner makes more poignant what he leaves unsaid; as an authoritative account of the whole tragedy it will no doubt stand alone. Among the noteworthy points made by Mr. Beesley are his denial of suicide by officers or of panic at any time. His proposed remedies differ little from those already suggested, but his placing of the blame for the tragedy on the American government as well as on the general public and the British regulations is rather different from what one ordinarily reads in the American press. Three features of his last chapter will be found of great interest; his admiration of the courage of the crowd, not the individual, and his pride in the race that could normally so act; his explanation of prayer in time of peril as the supremely practical thing to do; and his insistence upon the "normal" behavior of the passengers, the lost as well as the survivors, at every stage. The book is distinctly well written, well planned, lucid and vivid. While the author nowhere is hortative, the theme of his book may be indicated in this sentence from his introduction: "Whoever reads the account of the cries that came to us afloat on the sea from those sinking in the ice-cold water must remember that they were addressed to him just as much as to those who heard them, and that the duty of seeing that reforms are carried out devolves on every one who knows that such cries were heard in utter helplessness the night the Titanic sank." Houghton Mifflin Co.